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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE APRIL 26, 1993 VOL. 15M NO. 17

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In the first debate, *Ellen Campbell's* approach echoed traditional politics rather than her promised new approach; in an interview with *Maclean's*, the nation's new defence chief says that morale is good in *Canada* despite a spurious killing; the owner of the *Winston* says that the store will lay charges against it.

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COVER

OUR GAME



Street hockey and backyard rinks. Sweat-soaked socks and jacks and jerseys, and that special, uneasy mix of focus and fury—that is Canada's game. It is played for fun and money and glory and, beginning in earnest with the National Hockey League playoffs this week, for the honor of having one's name inscribed on the gleaming silver Stanley Cup—a century old this year. —38

BUSINESS

A STRONG STAND

Oscar Hyde chairman *Manfred Strong* has announced a bold new business plan for the troubled utility. There is also talk of privatization. But nobody is likely to buy the utility assets that have contributed so much to the problem because the risk they pose to the environment makes them undesirable. —18



BEHAVIOR

RADICAL TREATMENT



See offenders held in a *Manitoba* prison are taking part in a radical new program. Its aim, says psychologist *Hugo* Finn, is to put them safely back on the street—and keep them there. So far, despite protests and lack of funds, 41 men who completed the program have stayed out of trouble. —38

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LETTERS

World War, singing *The Old Home at the national supper*. So, thank you, John, and "long may your chimney smoke."

Margaret M. Shelton,
Dundas, Ont.

Between the lines

As an American, I am mystified, vexed and not a little embarrassed by the large numbers of my fellow citizens who seem to have a gun fetish. ("I wish no firearms," *World, March 23*.) I should like to point out that what many such gun lovers believe is "the treasured right to bear arms," enshrined in the Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution" is not really enshrined there. At a time before there was a standing government army, the Second Amendment allowed the right to bear arms so that militias could be formed for the people's collective defence—which has nothing to do with individual yahoos today going around about, up or their neighbor's property. The second most says, "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Why do such people read the phrase "the right to bear arms" and forget about the rest of the sentence? Perhaps, they're too busy loading their guns to have time to read.

Marian Kue-Till,
Lanette, NY

'While there is hope'

When horrible crimes are committed, we soothe ourselves with strong reactions, but often give short shrift to more difficult proactive approaches. Herber's pessimism and tongue-in-cheek parody for sex offenders may be justified, but it is not a solution ("The greatest fear," *Cover, March 1*). The average sex offender will commit 350 offences before he is stopped at which time his treatment program will be denied, and a significant proportion of his victims will have gone on to offend against others. Despite the fact that most sexual perpetrators begin offending as adolescents, resources for their treatment are scant at best. As a therapist with a residential treatment program for adolescent sex offenders, I am distressed to see the lengths to which parents or other adolescents must go in order to obtain treatment for these youngsters while there is still hope. Society needs to recognize that we must pay now or later. Now is better.

Willa Litwack-Miller,
Phoenix Program,
Wood's House,
Calgary

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MASSACHUSETTS

COLUMN



An overwhelming Middle East darkness

BY BARBARA AMIEL

The light was white as ever in Israel last month as I drove north from Jerusalem through the occupied territories. The stone hills were no longer red and smoking. The Jewish towns edge and full of good smells. The walnut trees were in bloom, but something was rotten: the dark brown eyes of Palestinian and Jewish children were everywhere innocent and appealing, but they had shadows in their beautiful faces in their hearts—rich according to their culture. "Whenever I did my hotel in Arab East (Jerusalem), the Jewish occupationists looked at me in disbelief: 'You can't mean to drive through the territories alone,' they said. Even the Palestinians I was going to visit looked worried whenever I left their homes late at night."

The great advantage of being a journalist is that our profession renders us inconspicuous. We enter where only fools would dare to tread. The first I almost could not use the darkness at issue so overwhelmed me. All the maps, after three weeks away, I once before feeling that there are situations in this world that cannot be solved according to some marvellous liberal dream. Arabs and Israelis will not live side by side in friendly neighbors in this lifetime or that of our children. The best one can hope for is to devise some solution that prevents too many people as possible from being slaughtered or forced to live under a regime they consider oppressive.

Great changes have been going on in the Arab world for some years, but most notably since the collapse of the Soviet Union. The major factor has been a new kind of war, which emerged as the dominant force in the mid 1980s, to Islamic fundamentalism, which has reduced the significance of secular or Christian Arabs in the region as well as academic Muslim Arabs.

Islamic fundamentalism breaks little apart in Western notions of tolerance or compromise. The platform of the Islamic Resistance Movement (Hamas) is full of

not simply be led at the feet of Islamic fundamentalists, though that is one aspect of it. The Palestinians seem to have an uneasy sense for backing the wrong horse: they made a great mistake when they turned down the UN offer of a state in 1947. They have been making mistakes ever since. They looked Nasser in his long wars of 1948 and 1967, then Sadat in 1975 and Hafeez in 1981. The truth is, of course, that the Palestinians are simply betrayed time and time again by their leadership. Why then, I am not entirely sure, perhaps it is because unlike the Jewish leadership who stayed in Palestine and went into British prisons, Arabist ran away and went into the desert in Transjordan, leaving much with his people. Perhaps it is because when a movement like the PLO is a blend of an ideology like Marxism, the movement puts ideological interests before national ones. Or perhaps the PLO was simply too greedy and wanted too much, endorsing the approach of David Ben-Gurion, David Ben-Gurion, when fighting to establish the state of Israel, said, "I refuse to refuse," meaning he would take any meal offered.

All the same, one can easily have sympathy for the predicament of the Palestinians. I can well understand the bitterness felt by Arabs that they have to pay for centuries of misfortune, culminating in the atrocities of Hitler—which had nothing to do with them—by giving up their land to the Jews. But the Palestinians only had one leader, they would have urged their people to forget about these miserable wrongs of history in order to concentrate on a new start. What the Palestinians cannot see is that the Israelis are now their best chance of getting stretched. Without Israel, the Palestinians would long ago have been swallowed up in greater Syria or greater Iraq.

But this is simply not part of Arab perception. Meanwhile, the hatred escalates on both sides. "We refused to see it," an employee of the Israeli Justice Ministry said to me, "but my relatives in the settlements teach their children to think of Arabs as 'The enemy.' The reason that these settlers have to drive through Arab villages where they know one false horn could cause death by stoning or shooting. The leaders of the religious urge women, children and all Palestinians to confront the beast and save the territories from a 'Time of salvation and struggle.' One afternoon I passed a village with women stuck into their domestic aprons, all that will happen to any Arab who does not join in the demonstrations, stone throwing and strike breaks (stone apud).

The hatred continues both sides. The best to be hoped for is a peaceful, steady change in the region, with a new kind of war in the territories. Eventually, that will turn into a Palestinian state against which Israel will have to secure itself with force and a hope that one day, say very far off, that state will understand that a Middle East containing both a Jewish and Palestinian state is not only possible but by now morally right, and the best chance for the survival of each.

A STUMBLING START

KIM CAMPBELL'S RISK-AVERSE CAMPAIGN STYLE UNDERCUTS HER CLAIM TO HAVE NEW IDEAS

Braut, tough, quick-witted and charismatic. Even before Prime Minister Brian Mulroney announced his resignation plans on Feb. 26, many Progressive Conservatives saw those qualities in Veterans Affairs and Defense Minister Kim Campbell. Her status as a baby boom woman from the West Coast made her seem an efficient choice for a party obsessed with returning to power in an election that must be called before the end of the year. All the more surprising, then, that Campbell has adopted a traditional, inward-looking campaign style—half her longtime Mulroney band also lost its leadership debate in Toronto, the first of five "I" took it home, and I see members of Bono's (Tenderloin) campaign in 1975."

"That statement is far from a compliment. Mulroney lost the 1988 leadership race—his first—largely because his campaign, after an early burst of enthusiasm, was perceived to be too slick, too rich and too short on content. For the moment, even many of Campbell's opponents acknowledge that she is unlikely to lose the June 13 leadership vote. But the conventional campaign she has run so far so far shows more echoes of traditional politics than the new approach she practices in private. One reason for her early vote of support among Tories was the belief that Campbell would be welcomed by voters as a fresh face with substantive new ideas. But so far, Environment Minister Jean Charest—easily the most impressive figure in last week's debate—has done a better job of putting forward an agenda for change. Trillings, a plan Campbell organizer conceded after the debate that "his [Trillings] is lousy."

Campbell's stumbling start reflects a disagreement among her principal advisers. Some, including former Tory cabinet minister

Meeril Massey and Toronto strategist Paul Curley, have urged her to throw caution to the wind, demonstrating to public the same forthright, occasionally cutting style that she displays in private. But other advisers, including her campaign manager, Newfoundland MP Ross Best, prefer a muted approach, arguing that she is certain to win as long as she avoids major mistakes. Campbell herself appears convinced that the key to victory rests more on the approach she brings than on offering any specific policy proposals. All of her speeches so far have stressed the need for "the focus" with Canadians and a new "politics of inclusion." She reiterated that theme during the debate, saying that reform must be better informed about the traditions in government spending decisions. Said Campbell following the debate: "The most important thing is not giving a detailed list of things we must do, it is concentrating on the manner in which we conduct politics. It is necessary to know what Canadians want."

The trouble with that practice is that there is nothing terribly new about it. In 1985, Mulroney laid his successful leadership campaign around a plan for dialogue and national reconciliation. Critics said that Mulroney used such practices to avoid specific commitments. Now, Campbell risks becoming the target of similar complaints. At one point in the Toronto debate, critics' cries were asked what specific measures they would take to reduce the deficit. Charest called for a freeze on other inflation increases in government spending, fewer federal departments and a smaller cabinet. By comparison, Campbell said that she would not commit herself to specific deficit-cutting measures until she had discussed the issue further with Canadians.

Campbell's opponents—who began plotting for the race well before Mulroney's resignation—initially expected her to emerge from the delegate-selection meetings in the 75 stops in Charest's native Quebec. But her popularity among Tories in Quebec has waned in recent weeks,

Charest (left), Jean Charest, Campbell (center) and Mulroney (right) at the leadership forum. Campbell's rivals in the Tory race



and Charest's supporters now speak optimistically of winning the backing of as many as 30 of that province's 95 Tory MPs. Nationally, Charest is also gaining ground. One recent poll in the Montreal Journal-Action newspaper shows Public Works Minister Elmer Mackay, who has strong influence in Tory circles in the Maritimes, leading Adams Minister Barbara McInnis, a power broker in Toronto, who is expected to endorse him. Charest was largely unknown outside Quebec before the election, but he has moved

in his support among the party's right wing in Ontario and the western provinces by taking aggressive stances on deficit reduction and social programs. As well, supporters outside Quebec have been surprised by the discovery that Charest is equally at home speaking French or English.

Personally, however, the race may end even as it begins to attract public attention. Last week, party members began choosing about 100 university students who will be among the 3,800 young delegates. Most of those young delegates are Campbell supporters. This week, the delegate selection process begins in earnest in the 285 ridings across the country. And despite Charest's boasts, Campbell's organizational network, led by an army of former Conservative members from across the country, still appears over-ambitious.

That possibility is cause for concern within the party. When Mulroney announced his departure plans, senior Tories launched a leadership campaign in which Campbell would gradually gain attention and support. Their hope was that her momentum would carry through into a general election to be held possibly as early as the first week of August.

If Campbell wins but fails to generate much excitement, the Tories face a much more uncertain summer. So far, there has been little academic interest in the leadership contest—part because its outcome was regarded as predictable and in part because there have been few dramatic disagreements over policy between the front-runners. And the awareness that many Tories feel toward Campbell was evident in the brief but enthusiastic recent campaign to convince Mulroney's chief of staff, Hugh Best, to let him resign.

Those concerns may prove irrelevant if Campbell shows herself capable of capturing the imagination of voters. With almost two months remaining until the leadership vote, she still has plenty of time to catch fire. But in the early campaign, at least, Campbell has yet to demonstrate that she can win the hearts—and not just the votes—of the Tory faithful.

ANTHONY WILSON/STREET PHOTOGRAPHY

Canada Notes

CHANGES IN THE WIND

The Quebec Liberal party executive recommended that the province's language laws be amended to allow bilingual out-of-door signs—in line with French-speaking predominance. The party will debate the recommendation at a meeting on April 24 and 25. If it is endorsed, Premier Robert Bourassa's government must then decide whether to retain the language laws—and face a victory from conservatives.

BATTLE LINES

B.C. Premier Michael Harcourt said that his NDP government will allow logging in at least half of Vancouver Island's Clayoquot Sound region. But conservationists, who have been battling to save the fragile wilderness area, vowed to continue their fight. Declared Robert Kennedy Jr., son of the assassinated U.S. senator and an international environmental activist, "Environmentalists, not the people and not government officials are now prepared to combine forces to overturn this decision."

NEW AID

Toronto's world-renowned Hospital for Sick Children announced that thousands of children who moved back to Canada between 1980 and 1983 may have been exposed to the virus believed to cause AIDS. Red Cross testing of donated blood for HIV did not begin until the fall of 1985. Hospital spokesmen stressed that the risk of the children having contracted HIV could be as low as one in 14,000.

THE SEARCH CONTINUES

Nasipen Regional Police received a second extension of a court warrant allowing them to conduct further two weeks after night-work search of the St. Catharines, Ont., home of Paul Bernardo, 28, in connection with the brutal sex killings of teenagers Kristen French, 13, and Lucie L'Abbe, 14. Bernardo has been held in a Toronto jail since his arrest on Feb. 17 on more than 80 suspected charges.

A TIME BOMB

An 18-year-old native woman in the remote Ontario community of Wabigoon, Ontario, is being charged with the murder of a young northern Ontario native who has been convicted of the murder of Georges Erasmus, co-chairman of the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, wanted that quick action is needed to bring the matter of justice.

RUSSIA

Jockeying for power

Yeltsin takes his case to the people

The stage is big, the feeling hot, the issue at stake Russia itself. The audience is skeptical. Russian voters, angry and wary at their personal economic suffering, and the challenge for President Boris Yeltsin is to win the support of the Russian people in a crucial April 26 referendum on his leadership in a country whose voters he is still the agent of peace and prosperity.

To carry out his crusade for Western-style free market and democracy reforms, the Russian president has discarded Western-style campaign tactics—disparaging financial favors. In recent weeks, he has rolled back a planned increase in the retail price of gasoline, frozen rents in state-owned apartments in Moscow and other big cities, nearly doubled the minimum wage and promised greater subsidies for university students. Yeltsin has also taken to the road to sell his reform program. "There are ministers in Russia who see the face of this or that country as settled in the capital," declared Yeltsin supporter Yekaterina Ivanova, the widow of Russian activist Andrei Sakharov. "But today the face of the country and all of its people will be settled, not in Moscow or St. Petersburg, but in Russia's vast expanses."

This belief is echoed by public opinion polls, which show that about 60 per cent of Moscow residents intend to support Yeltsin in next week's referendum. But there are 100 million other voters scattered across the country—and they appear to be more concerned with their pocket books than with Russian reformers' success. Last week, Yeltsin took his campaign to the vast coal-mining fields of the Kuznetsk Basin in central Siberia. Miners there have traditionally been among his staunchest supporters and have enjoyed wages well above the national average. But when living standards have severely strided their loyalty, he has done throughout the campaign. Yeltsin promised to improve living conditions that have been eroded by an inflation rate that exceeded 2000 per cent last year. "If the people show trust in us, we will carry out a firmer reform policy," he said.

"Our political assembling at the highest level is a crime and should be stopped."

Yeltsin has managed to win the trust—and financial backing—of at least some supporters who could help secure his position as the key figure in Russia's vibrant, heavily democratic and market reform. In Tokyo last week, representatives from Canada and the other mem-

bering Andrei Kuryev remained in office. Cassanovians accused Kuryev of being pro-Western. And defunct Vice-President Alexander Rutskoi refused to step down even though Yeltsin stripped him of his authority over agriculture and ordered his Krasnodar privileges. In an 80-minute address carried live on national television, Rutskoi said Yeltsin's reforms were causing Russian living standards and causing a crisis in crime. He also called for a investigation into corruption in Yeltsin's administration.

But there are no marauders that a Yeltsin victory in the referendum will provide a final solution to the power struggle that has gripped Russia for more than a year. During that period, Yeltsin's government has been locked in a battle for political supremacy with Khasbulatov's conservative-dominated legislature, the Congress of People's Deputies. Indeed, the two sides cannot even agree



Yeltsin supporters outside the Krasnodar, offering pro-referendum goodies to voters

bers of the Group of Seven industrialized countries awarded a \$6-billion rescue package to bolster Russia's economy. And leaders of the Commonwealth of Independent States, the loose alliance of former Soviet republics, rebuffed Yeltsin at the end of a one-day meeting in Minsk, the capital of Belarus. The feud is expressed here, that a victory by Yeltsin's conservative agenda, and by parliamentary speaker Ruslan Khasbulatov, could lead to an attempt to re-establish the old Soviet Union. Declared Ukrainian President Leonid Kravchuk: "If somebody takes this road, it will be marked with lots of blood."

Meanwhile, there were signs that in Russian voters' wrath their choice, the country was sliding even further into chaos. Khasbulatov said that the Russian parliament would never ratify the \$100-billion nuclear disarmament treaty signed in January by Yeltsin and Soviet President George Bush as long as Foreign

Minister Andrei Kuryev remained in office. Cassanovians accused Kuryev of being pro-Western. And defunct Vice-President Alexander Rutskoi refused to step down even though Yeltsin stripped him of his authority over agriculture and ordered his Krasnodar privileges. In an 80-minute address carried live on national television, Rutskoi said Yeltsin's reforms were causing Russian living standards and causing a crisis in crime. He also called for a investigation into corruption in Yeltsin's administration. But there are no marauders that a Yeltsin victory in the referendum will provide a final solution to the power struggle that has gripped Russia for more than a year. During that period, Yeltsin's government has been locked in a battle for political supremacy with Khasbulatov's conservative-dominated legislature, the Congress of People's Deputies. Indeed, the two sides cannot even agree

BARBARA GRAY in Moscow



BOSNIA

Evacuated Muslim women and children, refugee baby (bottom), slaughter

Children under siege

A helpless world watches Srebrenica suffer

They collect for a world grown numb to the daily carnage in Bosnia-Herzegovina, pictures of the young Muslim victims of last week's military and mortar attack on Srebrenica came as a sickening reminder that, while diplomats seek sanctions and Western leaders debate whether to use military force to end the year-old war, children die. Children too young to understand hatred. And certainly too young to be aware of the long history of ethnic hatred that have brought defiance and suffering to the Balkans.



The mortar fire that was systematically pumped through the crease of Srebrenica last week was designed to kill civilians. One shell scored a direct hit on a school building where hundreds had huddled for shelter, another exploded in a field where children had gathered to play. After one day's particularly heavy shelling, casualties totaled 33 people dead and more than 100 injured. But in Bosnia, the death toll never ceases for long.

The slaughter of civilians added Srebrenica to the long list of towns and cities now synonymous with the ethnic war in which the Croatians, Serbs and the can- centration camp at Omarska, Srebrenica,

once a small valley town of 35,000 people—three-quarters of them Muslim—swelled over the last year with 10,000 Muslim refugees who had fled Serb advances on other communities in eastern Bosnia. Under a peace plan drawn up by international mediators—American Cyrus Vance and Bosnian's Lord Owen—Srebrenica was to be a part of a province under Muslim control. And as the Bosnian Serbs, the only party refusing to sign on to the Vance-Owen plan, continued their push for more territory, Srebrenica was where the United Nations drew its line. That was where they promised to shelter and feed refugees

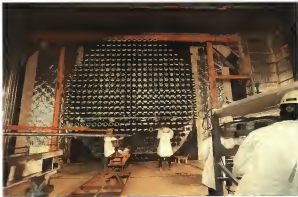
from the fighting, and where French Gen. Philippe Morillon, the UN commander in Bosnia, vowed bravely to remain until convoys of aid were allowed to penetrate the Serb siege and reach the town.

In the end, as with so many other UN attempts, the plan proved faulty. As the U.S. administration and Barbara Margaret Thatcher, among others, wavered in public about lifting an arms embargo against the attackers, the Serbs responded with an all-out assault on Srebrenica. Threatening to hit the children, said Lewis Mackenzie, the retired Canadian Forces general who commanded UN forces in Srebrenica last year, meant that "the Bosnian Serbs were going to grab as much as they could as quickly as they could." Added Mackenzie: "Anything that West does will increase the killing. It is a logic, but that is reality."

The reality of Bosnia is, sadly, that barbarism prevails. Muslim's stand had made Srebrenica a symbol of hope. By the end of last week, Morillon was just another frustrated bystander back in Sarajevo, his recall voice from there superior—especially in light of what they saw as his good standing—already announced. Another emergency Security Council meeting was called and air strikes against Serb targets were weighed. But Srebrenica had become one more symbol of the world's inability to stop the killing of children.

BRUCE WALLACE

A STRONG STAND



Loading fuel rods at Darlington; Strong (opposite): the troubled utility is in the throes of a profound transition

To two buildings are only 12 blocks apart. But in every other respect, the megacities' headquarters of Ontario Hydro and the cluttered brick house of Energy Probe in Toronto are light years apart. Since several environmentalists formed the aggressive lobby group in 1974, it has ranged war against Canada's largest electric power utility and its spin-offs. Although the group has most frequently focused on Hydro's extensive nuclear power program, it has also attacked its fossil-fueled structure and its bureaucratic corporate culture. For their part, senior utility executives have tended to dismiss the Energy Probe workers as misguided radicals. But early this week, that adversarial relationship was due to take a sudden turn: Maurice Strong invited himself to a meeting at Energy Probe and was set to become the first Ontario Hydro chairman to visit the group's offices. Said Norman Rubin, director of the clear research at Energy Probe: "This is the

A NUCLEAR PAST CLOUDS PROSPECTS FOR PRIVATIZATION AS ONTARIO HYDRO ATTEMPTS TO PLOT A NEW COURSE

first time that they have ventured onto our turf. It's a first departure."

The initiation of any dialogue between Ontario Hydro's management and its most notorious critics is the latest sign that the troubled utility is in the throes of a profound transition. Just four days before his meeting with Energy Probe officials, Strong as-

sumed that Ontario Hydro was following the example of hundreds of recession-battered private-sector companies by retrenching into three divisions, with autonomous units and eliminating 4,500 employees—including eight of the utility's 14 vice-presidents. The news involved the ultimate "New Economy" notion of spreading decision-making responsibility throughout the ranks.

At the same time, Strong said the debt-ridden utility will take a \$13-billion "bat" this year to write off restructuring and other operating charges, including the \$110 million penalty for cancelling a \$12.5-billion supply contract with Manitoba Hydro. Speaking at a Toronto news conference, Strong noted that "to survive in the present crisis stilling the organization," flexible, responsive business units had to be created. He added, "You can't have an old cost system that isn't broken down into manageable units."

However radical was Strong's rhetoric, es-

pecially for the head of a moribund Crown corporation, the success of his bold strategy remains largely beyond his control. The utility is not only saddled with \$94 billion in debt, but its future has been permanently linked to a costly and increasingly unreliable nuclear power program. The protracted construction of the \$1.5-billion Darlington nuclear station east of Toronto and the maintenance problems at the 26-year-old Bruce nuclear facility on the shore of Lake Huron, have largely contributed to the utility's financial troubles.

Now, as the financially troubled provincial government looks for ways to separate itself from this debt, which it has guaranteed the option of privatization is under increasing debate. But the inescapable environmental risk and the rigorous federal licensing requirements attached to nuclear facilities ensure that those capital-intensive units cannot be easily transferred to any other owner. Said David Brown, an economist with the Toronto-based C.D. Howe Institute: "Nuclear assets are unmarketable. No private investor could—or would—handle the inherent risk."

While Strong has made it clear that Ontario Hydro must reorganize to address such short-term problems as increasingly unacceptable rates and corporate interest charges, the ensuing process will inevitably lead to the discussion of privatization. The division of the utility into three separate units (International and New Technology, generation and distribution, and conservation and service), each with responsibility for achieving profit targets, is one of the first measures required to transform Hydro's complex structure. With the distinct operational plan in place, it will be possible to parlay the utility into smaller specific operations as a private-sector company. As part of that exercise, Ontario Hydro also will resolve its assets to determine what they are currently worth.

Although Strong has outlined an internal Hydro review of the privatization issue, his work has received recent endorsement from the public. "Privatization is part of the public dialogue and it is not divided by me," he said. But he added, "We expect that the logic to continue." For the Ontario government, which this week was scheduled to be in session with public-sector assets on an attempt to contain a deficit that could soar as high as \$1.7 billion this year, the option of having its responsibility for Hydro must be

compelling. Because Hydro is a Crown corporation, the province is directly responsible for its entire debt.

According to Yves Lesay, assistant vice-president at Moody's Investor Service, a New York City-based credit rating agency, even if Hydro pays off, Ontario will still be liable for all debts incurred while it was a Crown corporation. Of even greater significance, however, is that credit agencies include Hydro's debts in the overall Ontario debt because the province is Hydro's guarantor. That liability is now of special concern because Ontario's debt crisis already is jeopardizing the province's fragile credit ratings.

To separate itself from a similar utility debt problem, the government of Nova Scotia successfully privatized its power utility with the issue of 40 million shares at \$30 each last August. But equity underwriters avoided the province's fragile credit ratings that the state of Nova Scotia Power is radically different from Ontario Hydro. Although Nova Scotia Power Corp. also had a relatively high debt load, it had a strong political directive to keep its rates low through efficient operation. As well, Nova Scotia Power had already issued storage bonds directly to the public rather than go to international capital markets, as Ontario Hydro has done.

But by far the most critical distinction between the two utilities is nuclear. Nova Scotia has no nuclear power facilities—a fact that ensured interest in privatization by investors. Even Strong acknowledged last week that as debt is allocated against assets in Hydro's restructuring, the nuclear power will end up absorbing much of the burden. In White, the Conservative government of Margaret Thatcher set about privatizing its electric power system in 1984 to avoid the same fate.

To introduce free-market competition to the sector. Ultimately, however, the government discovered that there was no market for the nuclear assets and, as a result, had to separate them out and retain responsibility for them.

If the Ontario government does opt to privatize Hydro, it could sell assets, as Nova Scotia did, or it could sell shares outright. But, as Maurice Strong and Energy Probe's Norman Rubin are clearly aware, it is unlikely to be able to sell the nuclear assets that have contributed so much to the overall problem.

DEBORAH MONTGOMERY

UNWINDING THE MAZE

The Edgar Group, which investors and analysts have criticized for its complex scheme of acquisitions among owners, its private and public holding companies, took a step towards simplifying its corporate structure. Two of the holding companies at the heart of the group struck a deal that will lead to the disappearance of Telecom Holdings Inc., a private company that owns 40 per cent of Telecom Ltd. Investor confusion about the group's structure may have contributed to the dramatic decline in the share prices of many group companies, whose ultimate controllers are Edward and Peter Branson.

A BRIGHTER HORIZON

The Canadian economy led by a boom in exports, will post solid sustainable growth in 1993, according to two major forecasts. Economists at the Toronto-based Royal Bank of Canada said that the economy will grow by 3.5 per cent during the year. And the Ottawa-based Conference Board of Canada, in its spring outlook, predicted growth of 3.7 per cent this year. The board added, however, that consumers remain worried by high unemployment and the utility is short a domestic spending boost. The economy grew by 3.0 per cent in 1992.

HIERARCHY TO BE CHEAPER

The three main shareholders of the Hibernia offshore oil project near Newfoundland said that forecasts for the total cost of constructing and operating the project have decreased by 21 per cent, to \$15.1 billion from a 1990 estimate of \$19.2 billion. Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., Chevron Canada Resources Ltd. and PetroCanada Ltd. in a report that most of the savings will result from a decision to change the way water is to be dilled.

SMOKING LOCAL COMPETITION

Canada's telephone companies submitted 580 pages of documents to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) requesting a repeal for an overhaul of federal telecommunications regulations that would give them more room to set prices and to allow competition in the local phone market. A spokesman for the telecommunications industry companies said that the existing regulatory system, under which phone companies were monopoly suppliers of telephone services, was obsolete until the CRTC allowed long-distance competition last June. The CRTC plans to hold public hearings on the telecommunications industry starting in November.

Preserving individual privacy

New technology has made trafficking in personal data a huge industry

Until Jan. 13, 1992, checking out license plates was a \$5-million-a-year business for the Ontario ministry of transportation. For a \$5 fee, anyone could walk into their regional vehicle licensing bureau fill in an application form and learn a wide range of details about a vehicle—including the owner's name and home address. According to ministry spokesman Jean McLaughlin, most people conducted searches for legitimate reasons: they wanted to leave the vicinity of a used car they were thinking about buying or they needed to track down a witness to an accident. But some searches clearly resulted in gross violations of privacy. In November, an Ottawa woman, who declared to be married, complained that a man found out where she lived by tracking her license plates and asked to take her out. McLaughlin said that the ministry "was aware of a few of these situations" and, as a result, stopped providing names and addresses in the general public. Now, she said, the ministry will only provide that personal information for specific purposes, including court proceedings and police investigations.

The collection, compilation and trafficking in personal data has become a huge industry since privacy experts say that it is worth as much as \$300 million a year in Canada. It has grown, in part, because rapidly evolving technologies, including microcomputers and computers, have simply made it easy to do. Said Eves Hershkovic, editor of *Privacy Times*, a Washington-based newsletter that tracks privacy issues worldwide: "The paper trail has become the electronic trail." But as technology has become more pervasive, so has the sense that it is increasingly difficult to ensure that private citizens' rights are protected. As Premier Robert Borsoom's aides discovered during the referendum, intercept of cellular calls and the dirty Prince Charles and his lover Camilla Parker-Bowles were known. As a result, representatives ranging from the federal Office of the Privacy Commissioner to the Canadian Standards Association (CSA) and the Quebec government are taking a new look at the issue.

At the heart of the matter is a delicate balancing act, the right of the individual to privacy versus the legitimate needs of government to business to gather information. Privacy advocates express concerns, however, that it has

become much too easy for organizations to gather, store and use incomplete data about an individual. "The average Canadian's name is being crunched through various computers live to 10 times a day," said Bruce Phillips, the privacy commissioner of Canada and a strong advocate of resistant to snooping.

A joint study between several federal government departments and four private-sector

they are turning more often to other alternatives, including data-based direct-mail campaigns. To reduce the cost of analyses, direct mailmen attempt to reach customers who have submitted no interest in a given area. \$14. Mail Order, for one, a Winnipeg-based firm specializing in housing, fishing and camping equipment, notes its customer lists to others who need to attract new subscribers.



Quebec credit bureau in Montreal fears about the cost of gathering information

organizations indicates that many Canadians share Phillips' concern. In Privacy Revealed, a survey of 3,000 Canadians released last last month, 69 per cent said that they have less personal privacy than they did 10 years ago.

Nevertheless, the trend towards collecting ever greater amounts of data is bound to continue. The advertising and marketing industries are two groups that are increasingly using consumer profile data. Part of the reason is that companies need better information on targeting the marketplace for consumer goods. At the same time, there is increasing fragmentation in television. In the age of the TV zap and the proliferation of cable TV channels, advertisers can no longer be certain that they are reaching their target audience. As a result,

In December, Quebec became the first jurisdiction in North America to attempt to regulate personal information in the hands of the private sector when Communications Minister Lawrence Cannon introduced Bill 66. Although the federal government and most provinces have privacy acts, they apply only to information in government records. But, privacy-conscious advocates see that Quebec's proposed legislation, which should be in force by the end of June, does not go nearly far enough in protecting individual rights. On the other hand, some concerns say that the bill places too many restrictions on how companies may share information with third parties that the bill will add greatly to the cost of gathering data. Said Jean Claude

Chartrand, chairman and chief executive officer of Montreal-based Teleglobe Canada Inc., the nation's largest cable network: "That will add to the cost of credit, which is the final analysis will cost the consumer."

Several industry organizations in Canada have struggled on their own to deal with privacy concerns. The Canadian National Association adopted a voluntary privacy code in 1990 that spells out how banks should collect, store and use customer information. Since 1990, Canada's major chartered banks have implemented the code or devised their own. Still, the Royal Bank of Canada sparked controversy last month when it revealed that it sometimes included credit-card numbers along with names, ages and addresses among the information sent to its network research firms that were testing demand for new products. Although a Royal Bank spokesman insisted that the practice was not an invasion of privacy, the bank has since stopped releasing credit-card numbers for research purposes.

Another industry group that has passed an own privacy code is the Toronto-based Canada Direct Marketing Association. Effective next January, members must obtain a customer's permission before they sell or trade any information about that customer to a third party. Association members must provide customers with an easy mechanism, such as a box to check off on an order form, that allows them to remove their names from marketing lists before those lists are transferred to other marketers. Said association president John Goodman: "This way, our customers can receive information on the things they want and avoid the stuff they don't want."

On another front, the CSA, a Toronto-based nonprofit organization that has traditionally involved itself in the safety ratings and certifying of electrical appliances and other consumer products, is also turning its attention to privacy issues. In December, 1992, the CSA established a committee that will try to establish a standard to recommend to companies across Canada. David McGonigley, head of the consumer affairs consulting practice with Price Waterhouse in Ottawa, is chairman of the committee, which also includes members from government, the private sector and consumer groups. He said that privacy is a legal issue for the CSA to tackle. "Safety is a regulatory issue in the market place," McGonigley said. "Privacy is a safety issue in the information age."

Many privacy advocates say that they welcome the attempts by various sectors to come to terms with privacy issues. At the same time, however, they note that Canadians will need more legislation. "It's all in favor of self-regulation," said David Flaherty, a Canadian professor of law and history,



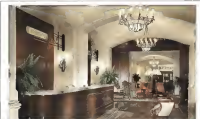
Phillips: protection should be placed in the Charter

currently in subcommittee in the Woodrow Wilson International Centre for Scholars in Washington. "That's a doesn't have the force of law," Flaherty said that many Canadians are surprised to learn that they do not have a constitutional right to privacy. "The word 'privacy' is not in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms," he said.

For his part, Privacy Commissioner Phillips, a former newspaper and television network reporter, said that he agrees with Flaherty that privacy should be included in the Charter. "It would be a benchmark for the entire country," he said. Many experts, however, maintain that Canadians have adequate protection. Simon Cheshire, a lawyer with the Toronto firm McMillan Black, said that there are better ways to protect individual's privacy than spelling it out in the Charter. The Charter, which applies only to government and not the private sector, is too broad an instrument, Cheshire said. "It is much more important to have specific legislation," he added.

Stephen Chartrand said that, as a result, his credit bureau operates as if it operates to meet the toughest standards in the country, which, he says, are usually Ontario's laws. That means, Chartrand said, that consumers across Canada enjoy the same level of protection, even if they live in the two provinces that have no consumer credit laws. Clearly, however, Canadians will continue to be concerned about whether technology has moved ahead faster than the law's ability to protect their privacy.

BARBARA WICKENS



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BUSINESS WATCH



If we don't crush it, debt will destroy us

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

No matter who becomes prime minister after the next election, the top item on her or his agenda is bound to be management of the national debt. It's the lowest of political issues, as Brian Mulroney found out, because nobody who supports raising taxes and cutting expenditures until it hurts, before turning the country over to the less than best for services of the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

The extent of the problem truly daunting. According to the Toronto-based C. D. Howe Institute, a nonpartisan economic think tank, the combined debt of Canada's federal and provincial governments now exceeds \$600 billion—that's the equivalent of roughly \$84,000 per family. In other words, we are collectively and individually bankrupt. Kaput!

What's even worse is that despite the deep cuts in government expenditures that have been publicly acknowledged by Ottawa and most provincial administrations over the past decade, our overdraft is still growing at the rate of \$96 million per day, or by about \$1 million in the time it takes to read this column.

If we're to face the consequences, we must understand the issue. These debt figures are not vague entries on some "balance sheet" scratch pad. We are indebted to paying back these borrowings, just as if they were mortgages on our houses or loans for our cars. At the moment, Canada's debt burden is equivalent to about 50 per cent of the gross domestic product (GDP)—the sum of the value of all the goods and services we produced last year. Unless current trends are quickly reversed, that figure will likely double to more than 115 per cent of the GDP well before the end of this decade. (The IMF is widely cited in by a country's national government to implement draconian cost-cutting measures whenever the debt burdens pass the 100-per-cent mark.)

At the same time, our net public and pro-

Canada's overdraft is growing at the rate of \$96 million a day, or by \$1 million in the time it takes to read this column

vide foreign debt has risen from 35 per cent of the GDP in 1985 to about 44 per cent at the end of 1992, which is higher than that of any other industrialized country—for larger than Russia, for example, which in the most often cited case has almost tripled its debt in its deep downturn. Canada's foreign debt to the world is now higher than the previous post-war record of 45 per cent of GDP, set in 1961 (During 1962, Sweden, Finland and Norway held control of their currencies, and thereby a lot of control in international loans that we are).

The headline consequences we're caught up in," says Jan Gray, a Calgary oil executive who keeps close track of the national accounts, "come from the devastating impact of compound interest." The idea: "Our governments are now using from one-quarter to one-third of their revenues just to pay our interest. As either interest rates increase or our credit ratings are further downgraded, the debt servicing costs will spiral exponentially. It's called debt by compound interest."

What Gray and others are predicting is that we face a major fiscal showdown, and soon. That's because the economic problems by the C. D. Howe Institute had to read when they recently declared that Canada

and its provinces might have trouble borrowing on international markets as much as 1996. Without that access, we would not only be broke, but foreclosed from doing anything except cutting government expenses to a level that we could finance internally. The Japanese, who hold about 32 per cent of Canada's federal and provincial bonds, are known to be particularly nervous.

The *Debtwatcher* Bank Credit Analyst, an authoritative monthly journal free happens to come out of Montreal but is read worldwide, recently commented: "There is a shocking lack of awareness among the general public over the perils of our Canadian financial policies." unwillingness to discuss this situation frankly and openly displays either a complete and total moral bankruptcy or incredible shortsightedness." The journal sees only one rational way out for us: "Currency devaluation." It says, "appears to be the most politically palatable action. It is a short-term method of reducing living standards, but it raises the risk of inflation. In the longer term, however, Canada's standard of living must be adjusted downward to its level of production."

As well, provincial debt (now aggregating \$171 billion) has been ballooning. The economic downturn has also caused extraordinary year-over-year revenue decreases in many provinces—as a result, Ontario, Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan have for the first time in history received stabilization payments from the federal government, which only twice before has awarded such emergency assistance. There is even speculation that the Bank of Canada may have to arrange emergency borrowing for provincial treasuries whose bonds fall to junk-bond status. (Newfoundland and Saskatchewan only have one more credit downgrade to go before that happens.)

Ontario, where the country's largest province could be next. Its premier Bob Rae, has already predicted that his government's debt load could jump from \$58 billion to \$120 billion over the next three years unless he starts making more realistic operating cuts. And Rae has admitted publicly that "The International Monetary Fund could dictate which social policies Ontario could keep."

Historically, the way to extract a troubled economy from debt of this magnitude is limited to either printing more money, which causes inflation, or liquidating assets. Germany suffered in the 1930s when its currency became worthless as deflation, which is a less harsh way for Depression. The future is unpredictable. Still, there are many safeguards in the system that didn't exist in the 1930s.

Meanwhile, it's at least right to acknowledge that our national debt is a real problem. The fact figure that will somehow vanish as the mortgage rate is taken care of by some broker's fancy write-off, like a hedge fund or CIBC's real estate puff job. This is real money that will have to be paid back, if not by our generation that ran up these borrowings, then by our sons and daughters and their children and so on.

May they forgive us.

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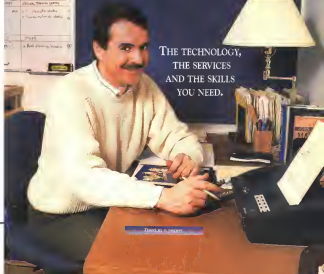


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VISITING THE FUTURE OF HOME OFFICE WORK

Don't think now, but the high tech house hold of that 30th century *Jetsons* is coming to your neighborhood! And while the days of using a videophone to replace the even the fewer that may be a ways off, home office workers are already using Northern Telecom's VISIT[®] to show their faces and share secrets in the info-bus at hand office.

VISIT (Visual Information Technology) provides the home computer and basic telephone service to let the home office worker talk "face to face" with co-workers, clients or suppliers at other locations, without leaving the comfort of his or her home office. The video image of each appears in a screen or window of the other's computer screen.

The system, which sells for approximately \$3,750 through ComputerLink and Hamilton Computers across Canada, includes a special computer card, software, a small camera that sits on top of the computer and a disc unit that lets the users' computers connect through the phone line as they talk. VISIT operates on an Apple Macintosh, or any IBM-compatible personal computer that's running Microsoft Windows[®].

VISIT offers a cure for the isolation that even the most independent of home-based workers may occasionally experience. It also encourages the collaboration and teamwork that corporate employees demand.

Perhaps you're in a consulting agency working from your Toronto home who wants to link your Vancouver based architect colleague in the eye as you draw new a computerized design for a major project. Or maybe you're a national retail manager who wants to develop a comprehensive presentation as a conjunction with sales representatives working out of their homes across the country.

Connected by VISIT, the consulting representative and the architect see each other in their

screen, while simultaneously discussing and approving signed copy changes to the design. The Vancouver architect adds the windows — her specialty — while the engineer refines the structural elements. Changes made by one colleague are instantly made on the other end. Hard copies are printed out in Toronto and Vancouver, for their respective files or to be sent to the client or employer. And, to assist in the collaboration or to allow participating parties to sign off on their work, VISIT comes with a custom set of drawing tools and colored pens.

For the national sales manager, physically visiting each member of his far flung sales team is just too costly, in terms of both time and money. By preparing for the annual sales conference in an electronic format that requires extensive input from each representative.

Using VISIT, sales representatives can transfer to his or her information in files or documents to the manager's computer so that he can begin the process of developing the presentation. In video conference mode, the sales manager can meet with each sales representative to discuss and jointly develop key charts, graphs or tables for the sales conference presentation.

He then sends him the finished graphics, complete graphics or video "samples" from other sources, and produces an exciting video for the sales presentation at the conference. In turn, the sales manager could use the VISIT video window to show the finished video to sales representatives who don't attend the conference. Or he could use VISIT to show any type of video program — such as a training or a product information video — with his remote site.

According to Northern Telecom's director of marketing for VISIT, Derek Pithers, the videophone is much more than a communications technology. "This technology is really about building trust. People immediately feel more confident when they can see the people they're talking with and can share ideas and information instantly. This is what makes VISIT valuable for people management and collaborative teamwork in the corporate arena.

"This kind of trust building is also important for independent home-based entrepreneurs such as consultants, physicians, lawyers and accountants, as well as for the more visually oriented professionals like forensic scientists and fashion designers."

However, VISIT's impact isn't just experienced in the visual mode, as telephone messages made capabilities are equally vital for the home-



Northern Telecom's VISIT brings co-workers face-to-face.

office worker. In fact, for those times you're working in your bedroom, you can choose not to activate your camera and have voice-only communication.

You can use the system to control your telephone through the computer, creating multiple phone databases, with personal and information as each image, and make phone calls by simply "pointing and clicking" at the appropriate listing with your computer mouse. The system's capacity to log all calls automatically, saving information such as dates of calls, duration and numbers, is available for the sales independent who bills by time, or for monitoring the activities of a work-at-home employee.

VISIT also allows you to manage incoming calls and voice mail messages. Incoming calls' numbers are identified by your computer system and a physical display of voice mail messages lets you quickly play, delete or return messages.

Simplifying the business world's addiction for word communications, VISIT transmits files and documents at a speed that is 28 times faster than a standard 2,400 baud modem. This eliminates the tedious wait for files to transfer — a wait that used to translate into lost productivity, delayed decision making and higher long distance bills for remote locations.

Whether you're faced with the task of effectively managing a team of remote workers, looking for ways to replicate on the specialized expertise of professionals in distant locations, or seeking a way to manage and build client relations, VISIT can make home-office work a "high tech, high touch" solution.

DIALING FOR ANSWERS: HOME OFFICE PHONE SYSTEMS

The markers of high tech gadgetry might describe the home office worker with their flavor-of-the-month productivity toys, but there's one basic tool that even the novice home worker recognizes as essential: the telephone.

Used properly, the telephone is the one tool that can make you appear as polished and professional in your corporate environment. Whether you're a full time home-based entrepreneur who's servicing (or competing with) big business, or a corporate employee working from a home office, building your business or maintaining your career demands telephone savvy.

One of the keys to telephone success is viewing your home office phone as a

Helan Sidani has been operating her consulting and training planning business from a North York, Ontario apartment for almost two years. For Sidani, who worked with larger value management companies before venting her own move, business, the challenge is to juggle the roles of receptionist, client service representative and project manager.

When she's working in her home office, Call Waiting is critical for Sidani's business.

This Bell service provides a call beep tone that signals there's a call awaiting call on the line.

"Call Waiting sends a lot of messages, both for me and my callers," says Sidani. "Before I got Call Waiting, I'd be making calls to market my service or collect supplier information, but nobody could get back to me because my line was constantly busy. I couldn't get return calls unless I stopped making outgoing calls."

While Sidani isn't ready to justify the cost of a second line for her home office (especially since her long telephone bills are an occasional rather than a consistent factor), Call Waiting provides an inexpensive solution. And although Call Waiting can be annoying to your first caller (who might object to being interrupted), it can be a valuable tool if a employed with tact and diplomacy. Call Waiting can also be temporarily turned off, either prior to or during an important conversation.

Sidani couples the Bell services and her own professional use of them with a piece of sophisticated equipment that's common in start-up home offices: the combination telephone and answering machine. For businesses like hers, which do not receive a lot of long distance, these compact units offer many advantages.

If it's not answering her phone, the machine automatically recognizes whether an incoming call is in a fax or a phone call and either transfers a fax or takes a message. As much of her answering and outgoing faxes are only a few pages and take only a short time to transmit, she feels the chances of missing a call are minimal.

"The real problem my phone system has to solve," says Sidani, "is how to be around to answer the phone for clients and project calls, yet still be available to service my clients, whether at home or in their offices, and to talk to my suppliers."

Sidani relies on two Bell Canada services to solve her phone dilemma. When she's working, for extended periods in one client's office, she uses Call Forwarding to direct her calls to her extension so that there's no effort. This way, she doesn't have to switch with other lines, prospects or suppliers.

Sidani offers three key tips for users of Call Forwarding. First, use a payphone. If you're only out of your office for a short time and much of this time is on a call, it's easier to



(Above) Kevin Law's computer consulting firm demands a high-tech phone system.

(Right) Helan Sidani is juggling the roles of receptionist, customer service representative and project manager.

"split." That system is made up of three key elements: the equipment, the telephone company services and you. In competitive terms, your phone isn't a weapon and your telephone system is an answer that can reply you with extra hands, voice and even fax in offices.

If missed the offices of your home-based business to discuss how their owners developed phone systems. The low business shared cost now concerns and many of the usual system components. However, each person had created solutions for unique business and lifestyle demands.

See DeskJet.
See DeskJet print.

DIALING FOR ANSWERS: HOME OFFICE PHONE SYSTEMS

Other home businesses, however, use faxes much more extensively and need a separate fax line and machine. For Helen Wilton and Keith Thorpe, partners in Medford, Ontario-based Capstone Communications, the fax is a virtual lifeline to their independent clients and suppliers.

Says Wilton: "As our office is a good 45-minute drive from most of our business areas—and it's a very expensive courier trip—our fax machine is constantly busy sending and receiving artwork, scripts, project proposals, press releases and other types of multi-page documents. A separate fax line is a necessity."

The volume of their 12-year-old marketing and corporate communications firm demands a

robust telephone system that includes two long lines in addition to the fax line. Thorpe and Wilton capitalize on several of the line's features: their Northern Telecom Visa 200 phone set is mutation control; chord control.

"One of our most-used features is **Three Way Calling**, which allows for conference calls, explains Thorpe. "For brainstorming sessions or for working out the details of a major project, we'll connect Helen and myself and perhaps a subcontracted creative person or client for a group meeting."

An often overlooked necessity in home office phone systems, the hold feature is one of Wilton's favorite features. "Hold allows me to

give the caller a personal answer while I run errands for a file, spend the call or consult with my business partner. Also the flashing light on the Visa set reminds me that we've put someone on hold."

Combined with the Bell Canada Call Display feature, the Visa 200 offers another key advantage for home businesses: a record of the last 15 answered and unanswered phone calls. "This can be especially valuable," says Wilton, "when you're dealing with someone who doesn't like to leave messages at all or who often calls repeatedly and not always left a message. You'll know before you return the call that you may have a disappointed or irate customer."

For home businesses like Kevin Leach's computer consulting firm, Tring Systems in Midland, Ontario, Call Display has another benefit. The display screen on his Medford 9216 set allows him to combine Call Display with Call Answer, which is programmed to answer his phone with a voice that greets callers the fourth ring. Provided that Leach is in his office, he can elect to answer his phone before the fourth ring or have Call Answer do it.

For Leach, where three-year-old businesses with over \$1 million a year in computer services and equipment, a professional phone system is a must. Call Answer plays a key role.

My clients are primarily major corporations, many of which are voice mail systems, similar to the Bell Call Answer system. When I'm on my line, which is about four hours every day, or out of my office, Call Answer gives a very professional sounding outgoing message. My callers-in-town can leave no doubt as to my status as they want, instantly a more detailed message than any secretary would want to take."

For me, Call Answer offers a lot of advantages over the answering machine. First of all, the tone is so good that my message sounds just like the big company's voice mail system. Second, unlike the answering machine, it can pick up while I'm on the phone and third, I can access my incoming messages or change my outgoing messages from wherever I may be."

Another Bell service, **Make-a-Call**, provides a solution for Leach and the other members of his home hold, with Sayra and three other old son Kevin. Make-a-Call provides two separate phone numbers on a single line and calls to each of the separate phone numbers are distinguishable by their ringing patterns.

DIALING FOR ANSWERS: HOME OFFICE PHONE SYSTEMS

While some home businesses use the idea of a Call to divert incoming business and personal calls for example, I'll answer one type of ring with "HOLD" and the other with "Answer Consulting". Leach uses Make-a-Call to route the appearance of a separate fax line—one of the keys to looking like a big business.

"I was a specialized teacher but that occupation had rising patterns of the number I also relied on advertised as my fax number and automatically directed calls to my fax machine. Leach says: "As I was the line most for outgoing fax mailing, which I can schedule for, then for incoming faxes, this solution gives me a good business image without sacrificing a separate home phone or installing a third line."

Kevin Leach is satisfied with the system he's chosen. But Kevin Hood, who owns a music and search of a new system. Hood, who has built a high-profile studio planning consulting firm and a non-profit group, The Association of

Independent Consultants, is in the process of changing his phone system because of changes in his personal life.

He recently married a teacher, who needs her own space for home work. In addition, Hood will be a father later this year. Suddenly his two bedrooms, now Toronto condos is much too small. Also, he's starting a new consulting business for the self-employed, which is dramatically expanding the volume, and changing the nature, of his phone calls.

"What a world is an office and phone solution for 10 years you are working in my business and home life keeps up," explains Hood.

Like Helen Wilton, Hood bases his system on a combination fax/phone and answering machine set, teamed with Call Waiting. But unlike Wilton, whose one of the fax machine and the telephone is just one of many daily functions, Hood spends a large part of every hour on the phone.

"With the volume of calls and faxes I'm getting, Call Waiting is becoming more of a problem than a solution. When you've got one high-level client on the phone and another calls in on Call Waiting, what are you like? When every call is fast-paced, urgent and important it can be stressful and difficult to maintain the degree of professionalism

my business has to have."

Hood created a period solution by adding a second line, which he uses as a hotline, giving the number only to his clients, primarily his international business clients. "I also use this line for my outgoing long distance calls," says Hood. "So that I know I won't be interrupted by an incoming call or fax."

Hood admits he needs a complete phone system overhaul and says that his upcoming move into a larger home will give him the opportunity to create a system that will support his business as it grows and changes over the next 10 years.

The Bell Canada system, used by many home businesses with high-level consulting services, is one solution. Hood is evaluating Centra packages: a high-performance Meridia phone set with a number of extensions and capabilities that appeal to Hood. These include basic like Call Forwarding, Three Way Calling, Call Waiting and Call Answer, and more advanced features like Call Transfer (so that Hood could, for example, transfer an incoming call to one of his associates in his partner's home office) and the ability to integrate a fax machine.

Now Hood says he's about building the perfect phone system for his home office. The first step is to take a serious look at your current system and consider the way it is and isn't working for you, your business and your lifestyle. Think about how much time you spend on the phone (or the fax machine) and how much this time contributes to your bottom line.

Ask your clients or colleagues how they'd like to see your system improve. Get your questions and your requirements clearly defined and then visit your local phone store or contact your phone company's business office.

By Ann Austin,
President, HomeWorld

COMPLETE GRAPHICS SOLUTION FOR THE HOME OFFICE

Perhaps you're competing with the big players for the consumer market, or maybe it's the big players' dollars you want. Either way, the graphic design of your promotional materials is critical. Now, thanks to competitive new pricing, one of the corporate world's most popular graphics software packages is easily affordable for the home-based entrepreneur.

With the introduction of higher-end products this spring, Corel Corporation will drop the price of CorelDRAW 3.0 from \$395 to just \$199. While the new versions have added "bells and whistles" for the corporate environment, CorelDRAW 3.0 delivers virtually every graphics solution the home-business person could use—in one single software package.

A typical home-office operator could use CorelDRAW for everything from creating newsletters, advertising and logos to developing virtually any kind of chart or graph. More advanced users or companies with sophisticated marketing programs could use CorelPHOTO-PAINT to create illustrations or refine photographs, or CorelSHOW to develop exciting slide presentations. With the new pricing for this comprehensive, easy-to-use package, there's no excuse for not looking like the big business!



You can create dynamic marketing materials.



See DeskJet price. Run, dot, run.

HP DeskJet printers. Easy to use. Easy to own. Easy to look your best. The beginning of the end of dot matrix printers.



DeskJet Printers
Make it happen.



Choose your fax like you choose your accountant.

Bell Fax

Today, faxing is not just a convenience, it's critical.

For purchase orders, shipping information, or even letters that need to get there right away, guaranteed. So you need to look beyond just the fax machine. You have to consider the service, the network, the company that backs it all up. Bell offers a choice of quality fax machines, one just right for your business.

And if something does go wrong, our service is fast

and easy — just one call. Plus with FaxCom[™] you can enjoy discounts of up to 38% on long distance fax charges. Overall it's the combination that can spell peace-of-mind and savings for you. Bell's innovation, choice and expertise can mean new ways to do business. Call 1-800-565-5100

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Phone Bell rep on
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Bell
Answering your call.™

MARKETING SMARTS FOR THE "HOMEPRENEUR"

While marketing strategy may indirectly be the domain of big players with fat budgets, there are many ways for the solo home-business operator to grab attention and sales.

Your professional skills give you the confidence to persuade in the first place, but they're not enough to keep you there. Even if you're the world's finest accountant or meat substitute consultant, nobody's going to pay you to balance their books, or fix their business — unless they know you're good.

How do you demonstrate that you're good, as well as committed and knowledgeable? Try investing your time in promotional techniques that show potential customers to "test drive" your product or service. Here are four of the best.

1. WRITE SOMETHING THAT SHOWS YOUR EXPERTISE

There's a publication for almost every conceivable consumer or business interest.

Barbara Hager operates a software training and development company out of her Scarborough, Ontario home. Her three articles on outsourcing officers and training staff appeared in two magazines, leading to several months' work for her company.

Hager suggests first getting your own stories printed under a little byline. "Find out what publications your clients are reading and duplicate the style and focus of each. Prepare hard outlines for your article that will be relevant to each publication's readership."

"Publication which publication is the most valuable to your business. Also call each publisher once in a while, just to say 'What would you like to know about before putting my idea in the next editor'."

And while you're doing your research, don't forget to ask about upcoming features on your specialty.

2. DEVELOP POINT POWER

If the image of the carpet cleaning salesman accompanying your family dinner is your idea of humiliating, stop it. It's time to get acquainted with Lesley Walker. Walker operates a home-based telemarketing consulting firm out of Stouffville, Ontario and she used telemarketing to build her own law-firm client base.

According to Walker, the first priority is to invest in a contact management software program such as TeleBridge[™].

"Walk a contact management program, you can file prospect information by various on-site and schedule for results in appropriate times. You manage every call professionally."

Your calls could be to find out information about potential customers, to arrange an appointment or to actually sell your services. Contact management programs can help you script your calls to plan a conversation that can keep your expertise.

"Before you start telemarketing," insists Walker, "you've got to understand how your service can benefit the prospect and to have a way to demonstrate it quickly enough to hook your prospect into further conversation."

3. TRADING FRIENDS

While intelligent telemarketing can reach individual prospects, public speaking allows prospective clients to test out your knowledge.

Forget the way big players stage their seminars — it takes a long time to become a "Tony Robbins" — and you'll find there are lots of opportunities to take seminars or speeches with no up-front investment.

One technique I use is to give out speaking opportunities by name rather than key words — senior computers, selling educational "toys" for the computer and video, organizations with regular meetings and trade shows to talk conference programs.

You might also stage seminars with non-pecuniary businesses. The accountant might hold a seminar with a local bank or a lawyer. By joining forces with another firm, you can deliver a stronger presentation and design and enjoy a broader audience.

4. NETWORKING ASSOCIATIONS

If vision of the future is the decisive guide to success or of speaking to virtual strangers — via the phone or a microphone — under your well-lit, floor cot. There are ways to ease into self-promotion.

When George Ritzky opened his Mounties, Ontario graphics and print management firm had just his first secret in his hands but a hole in the woods as a marketer. By joining two different associations, Ritzky gained confidence, personal contacts and marketing savvy.

What's really important at associations is to make yourself known. The best way to do this is to volunteer. When you help set up meetings or work on the newsletters, people get to know you. They learn to trust you and become more willing to look at what you're selling.

Be sure to join an association that offers a variety of business prospects. Your industry or association may offer educational programs, but you also need to belong to a group of successful folk who need your marketing services.

NEED MORE INFORMATION ABOUT HOME OFFICE WORK?

For home-based businesses, seminars and guest prices in home office, print ads and services (plus materials and computer music featured) and Canada's largest computer show and sale, **Computer Fest**, at the International Centre, April 23-25. For hours and information contact the Computer Fest office at (416) 525-4133.

The **HomeWorld Group** provides information and discounts on home-office equipment, products and services. To receive information, call or write: The HomeWorld Group, 7 Clement Square, 2nd Floor, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1H1. Phone: (416) 516-0513. Fax: (416) 594-0344.

The **Association of Independent Consultants** is a non-profit organization that provides networking, marketing and education opportunities for

home-based consultants. For more information write or call: The Association of Independent Consultants, 2175 Sheppard Avenue East, Suite 110, Willowdale, Ontario M2J 1H8. (416) 491-2556.

About the authors:

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Richard Lichtensmeyer is the national sales manager for Greenleaf Express, a division of the national computer-to-ink for Greenleaf Express Centres.

Our Game

Canadians celebrate 100 years of the Stanley Cup—and their deep-seated love of hockey



They can gussy it up all they want. They can add the designer uniforms, the curved charts and flashing message boards, as if Canadians need to be told when to cheer a hockey game. They can pay the contestants the kind of money bank presidents and fashion models make and build a new Hall of Fame full of whistling computers and video screens. They can even add the Anaheim Mighty Ducks and that's all just fine.

The game is still the game.

A stick. A puck. A net. That's the game. Street hockey and backyard rinks. Sweat-soaked socks and jocks and jerseys, and parents sipping hot coffee watching their kids skate around cold arenas before the sun is even up.

And that special, uneasy mix of fear and awe, the breathtaking rush on goal and the brutal body checks—that, too, is Canada's game. It is played for fun and sport and fame and, beginning in earnest with the National Hockey League playoffs this week, for the honor of having one's name inscribed on the gleaming silver Stanley Cup—hockey players' heaven, a century old this year.

One hundred years, the nation hasn't existed all that much longer. In 1857, the 4,000 people of Calgary incorporated themselves as Alberta's first city. The Manitoba Women's Christian Temperance Union was fighting for female suffrage. And Lord Stanley, the governor general of the day, donated the first recreation of the Cup to spur on a game that the new land had spawned, the woods echoing with the sounds of saws and hammers and slapshots (page 38). Rugged land, rugged game. "Canada has never had a more civil war," a baseball pitcher named Jim Bronson once said. "After hockey, Canadians would probably have found it dull."

It is no longer just Canada's game. The world has caught the fever. NHL headquarters are in Manhattan and the new commissioner, Gary Bettman, is a 40-year-old New Yorker whose last job was with the National Basketball Association (page 30). The summer of hockey is in business. With expansion next year, 18 of the 26 NHL teams will be based in the United States and six of those in the Sunbelt. The game that, as Hall of Famer Ken Dryden put it, "was won on long northern winters uncluttered by things to do," will even have two teams in Florida, where the thing to do is sunbathe and the only ice is in drinks.

Americans play the pro game, too, and so do Europeans. This was supposed to be the year of Eric Lindros, the Philadelphia Flyers' no-nonsense rookie from Toronto. But the hottest new goalgetter is Teemu Selanne—the Finnish Flash and now the Winnipeg wonder-boy—and Pavel Bure, the Russian Rocket of Vancouver. There are plenty of Czechs and Swedes, as well, adding new styles and excitement and making Don Cherry just a guy. Hockey Night

is Canada's designated tough guy, who attacks foreigners and defends fighting with his brutal blasts of enery, should note that more than 500 of the 700-plus players who saw action in the NHL this year were good Canadian boys from places like Sudbury and Swift Current and Trois-Rivières. And most are still known to throw the old punch.

Hockey politics abound—and the NHL has enough internal troubles to exhaust an satirist—er—it's been an interesting year. Mario Lemieux has returned from cancer treatment to lead the Pittsburgh Penguins' drive for a third straight Stanley Cup. Wayne Gretzky is back from back troubles, fighting up Los Angeles, while Toronto's reinvigorated Maple Leafs are suddenly reminding their fans of former glories. The Quebec Nordiques, after trading the rights to Lindros who had scored their money, are revivng the mighty Montreal Canadiens for Quebec supremacy (page 38).

And new stars are in the pipeline. Parents drive ever longer distances to transport their up-and-comers to top minor leagues, while the perennial search continues for the next homegrown superstar, the next Gretzky or Lemieux (the latest candidate, Alexander Dvorkin of Latvia, Que's Women's league are springing up everywhere, playing a tough Canadian brand of hockey that should make Cherry proud). The women's national team was the 1992 world title. And two weeks ago, that team's goalie, Monie Blais, of Lac Beauport, Que., became the first female to start a pro hockey game—for the International Hockey League's Atlanta Knights—proof that gender alone may not save a person from the desire to stay rock-hard rather than doing 120 km an hour.

The new Hockey Hall of Fame looks promising, too. Located in downtown Toronto (the old one was on the remote Canadian National Exhibition grounds), the \$25-million Hall, scheduled to open on June 15, will offer visitors the chance to broadcast a taped scoring play or take shots at a computer goalie. But all is not arcade gadgetry. Last week, amid the floor cloths and electrical wires and tons of power tools, the inkblot to many hockey fans were already in place. There was Gordie Howe and Howie Morenz and Jean Beliveau, there was Bobby Orr and Rachel Richard and Terry Sawchuk and Cyroline Taylor and King Clancy. There were old-time sweaters and wooden seats from Madison Square Garden and a smile-inducing recreation of an early 1900s Canadian living room—dod, moon, daughter, son and dog—a scene complete with the regular Stanley and Monopoly and, of course, hockey on the old TV.

But the best will be upstairs. There, in the beautiful old Bank of Montreal building that is part of the Hall, with its wood-paneled walls and stained-glass dome, will sit the Stanley Cup, shining symbol of what is still Canada's game.

Happy birthday



CRAZY EIGHT

THE PLAYOFFS STIR PASSIONS IN CANADA'S NHL CITIES

Game upon a time, the hockey world was more democratic. Small-town upstarts—Montreal's Brendan Shanahan, Wayne Gretzky's linemate, Wayne Gretzky—could challenge for the coveted Stanley Cup. Today, that quest is the exclusive right of NHL franchises in big cities. And Canada's eight clubs—and the adoring fans who support them—are a storied and colorful lot. Maclean's interviewers report

The memories live easily for Jean Beliveau, who personally helped to create more than a few during the 38 seasons he wore the red, white and blue of the Montreal Canadiens. In 1971, I scored my 500th goal from right over them," he says, with a nod across the gleaming expanse of deserted ice at the Forum. "The pass came from Phil Roberto, who was over there," he continues, glancing back towards the blue line. His eyes swing down the rink to the

goal, standing empty. "And Frank Mahovlich was there, right beside the net." Elongated in double-breasted dark blue, his silver hair gleaming, the 41-year-old hockey legend leans back into one of the Forum's cushioned end seats and lets his gaze wander around the old building's silent interior. "That's the thing about this place," Beliveau says finally. "There are so many big moments to remember."

The Canadiens are that kind of hockey team in the hooded building on St. Catherine Street that has been the home of the



MONTREAL CANADIENS

hired "Bibi" since 1909, the reminders of past glory are everywhere. And some speak more eloquently than the row of white banners that hang high above the Forum's ice. There are 23 of them, one for each of Mon-

tréal's Stanley Cup victories stretching way back to the 1905-1906 season. "You have to live up to that record when you play in this town," says Montreal defenseman and team captain Guy Carbonneau.

It can sometimes be hard, especially when the Canadiens falter. After remaining atop the Adams Division virtually all this year, the team's game suddenly came apart as regular-season play drew to a close. In the space of a week, Montreal fell from first place to third, behind the Boston Bruins and the resurgent Quebec Nordiques, their provincial rivals and first-round playoff opponents. Coach Jacques Demers was mystified. "I don't understand any more," he complained. "In February we were probably the best team in the league."

Despite the late-season reverses, Beliveau is not prepared to dismiss the club's playoff chances just yet—and not only because he will retire in August after serving 22 years as the team's vice-president at

public relations. "We learned a few things over the past 40 years," he says. "And one of them is that you can pivot, never write off the Montreal Canadiens."

It's been a long time since hockey fans in Quebec City have been able to cheer their Stanley Cup victory. The Bulldogs won the last local team to perform the feat—and that happy event occurred in 1813. Since then, clubs from the provincial capital have, with rare exceptions, been forced to hibernate in the glamorous shadow of their far more successful rivals 250 km down the St. Lawrence River in Montreal. The situation may be on the brink of change, however, thanks to the sudden emergence of a new hockey power on the St. Lawrence. And if the Quebec Nordiques do eventually manage to upset the prevailing balance, much of the credit will belong to a large young man



QUEBEC NORDIQUES

from Ontario who refused to play for them. "There's been a lot of reasons for our team around," admiring Nordiques centre and team captain Joe Sakic, "but obviously the big thing was the trade with Philadelphia and all the quality guys we got for Eric Lindros."

The Nordiques have excelled ever since the club exchanged its rights to Lindros for six players, a cascade of draft picks and \$15 million in cash. On the Philadelphia Flyers' last visit to Le Colisée, Lindros was greeted by banners saying, "Meet, Eric"—a stark contrast to his first visit, when his petted fans with baby pacifiers. In any case, after failing to make the playoffs in the previous five years, this year's team not only finished second in the tough Adams Division, but posted the best first record in the league. Just as importantly, the club demonstrated an entirely new approach to the game. "Our attitude just changed," said Sakic. "Right from training camp on Day 1, we all suddenly believed that we could do it."

Head coach and general manager Pierre Page credits the infusion of new talent for much of the astounding change. He is also quick to stress that not all of those newcomers arrived in the Lindros trade. "There are 15 new players on the team this year, many of whom came from teams that have won in the past," he says. "That's been our priority. We met with our trades and draft picks and free-agent signings to get players who had played with winning teams. And that has had a big influence on players who have been here in the past."

Goaltender Ron Hextall, one of the key figures in the Lindros deal, has a simpler explanation for the Nordiques' success. "This team had a lot of ability last year," he said, "but these just weren't quite enough. Now there is." It may be sufficient to overturn Montreal as the two great in the first



Kids battling for street supremacy; rookie sensation Selanne (opposite, centre); tapping records faster than most players lace up skates

ronal of the playoffs. But even if the Nordiques go down to defeat, the new hockey power in Quebec City is likely to be a contender for years to come.

The season began on Oct. 4, with nine Stanley Cup banners already hanging from the rafters of the Civic Centre and a group of excited, avid fans piped into the arena. A curious perfume spectacle featured liquid soap, heavy metal rock music and skanky, leather-clad men dressed up as Roman centurians. And there came the most shouting, exhilarating event of all: a 5-3 win over the Montreal Canadiens. For one night, at least, it appeared as though the players on the Ottawa Senators might give their detractors some food for thought: the team's lackluster performance throughout the season was clearly unable to convince an entertaining, often bawling crowd.

For reasons largely beyond their control, that was not to be. The Stanley Cup playoffs reflected a glorious past that ended in 1934—the last year Ottawa led an NHL team. That past had life in common with the anomalous present. The first-year Senators—to quote an old out-of-control—may have been small, but they sure were loud. Under mildly respected



coach Rick Bowness, they worked as hard as any team in the NHL, but to no avail. Ottawa lost 70 of its 84 games, finishing dead last in the 24-team league. That record led back to the fringe of the team's inexperienced general manager, Mel Bridgman, and his replacement by club president Randy Seidman—who has once lost hockey experience.

In a dismal season, highlights and low comedy often seemed intertwined, and the most interesting events usually took place off the ice or between periods. The two men who drove the Senators to disaster became celebrities by drinking in pubs ranging from hoodlums to Sylvester and Tweety Bird costumes. When the Senators fired their mascot—a man who dressed up as a lion—bustling through the aisles, he used them. Don Schenker's lawsuit, still unresolved, gave some idea of the tension between the mascot, it turns out, was mounting a reported \$100,000 a year—close to what some players need.

Perhaps the team's most recognizable fan is a dentist, Bruce Robinson, who appeared at every home game waving a team sweater and relating up to 40 different problems regarding the Senators' ice. Many of the team's season ticket-holders come from towns in the Ottawa Valley, travelling to 136 bus round trip to see the games. Despite the string of losses, most fans re-



Past Croix Milne and son David at Maple Leaf Gardens: reviving old glories

mained dedicated—and unfocused. "These were some really pathetic efforts," said Sander Oshawa, a 29-year-old Ottawa businessman. "But I don't think I ever heard a fan boo the Ottawa Senators." And for Croix, that was still good enough to keep him coming back: he got 90 per cent of this year's season ticket-holders. He has already renewed his seats for next year.

During opening practices, the eerily empty cavern of Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens echoes the clang of pucks tapping off goalposts and the shrill blare of creaking whistles. For players, scouts and team officials gather in pockets in the stands or line against the rail seats, trading gossip. While the current Leafs skate through drills, hawks and vultures on the walls of the quest Gardens concourse. Printed photographs recall clubs that won 11 Stanley Cups, and



players such as Red Aggs and Basher Jackson who captained a country on radio and early TV. But the last time the Leafs broke from the Cup was 1937, back when few players wore helmets and jockey Pascal Iovino selected the game's three stars. Harold Ballard was only a part-owner. Lester Pearson was prime minister. The NHL had no arena. On almost any night, it was a long time ago.

The intervening years were not laid to the snowmageddon battlefield. In fact, to put it mildly, the team has been rebuilding for 20 years. There was a bit of respectability when Gordie Stiller, Larry McDonald and Boog Sweeney played in the late 1930s, but that was about it. Until now, then, the team is man as if by blueprint by president Clif Fletcher, a second-hand old forward-thinking executive who in 1921 was hired out from Calgary. Now, the team is coached by Phil Burch, who in four years as Montreal's coach coached first-place performances from third-place talent. And now, the team is led by Doug Gilmour, a genuine star with a lifetime worth of life. Since last December, the long-time Maple Leafs have begun to do the old glories proud. "I thought from the beginning that we would have a good season," said Burch, whose team finished eighth-best in the 24-team league after missing the playoffs to three of the past four seasons. "But that has been unexpected."

Finally rewarded for completely filling the seats for all those dreary years, Toronto fans had whipped themselves into a frenzy before the first-round series against Detroit had even begun. Last week, beds with sleeping bags and lawn

chairs lined up outside the Gardens seeking precious playoff tickets—and kindred raised the cheer in anger when they were turned away empty-handed. In this town, fans see the chemistry needed to advance into the meaningful rounds of the playoffs. Barry Nale, the former Hartford and Vancouver coach who now works as a TV game analyst, agrees—to a point. "I don't think any one thing is to be concerned about," he warned. "It might be whether they can get better than they already are. Because you know the other teams are going to turn it up a notch in the playoffs."

Murray Stastik, Thompson awarded Toronto Selkirk the city's 21st standing Achievement award in March—except that the hockey star's last name was misspelled on the trophy. It was a blunder graciously overlooked by the Winnipeg Jets right-winger, a 23-year-old scrappy machine who has been knocking down hockey records faster than most players lace up their skates. Last month, Selkirk broke the NHL's rookie scoring and points records and he has crossed more than 100 team records in the process. Winnipeg, the most central of Canadian cities, has fallen hard for the hometown hero known as the Finnish Flash. "I think Dennis was a very big, famous guy in Finland," says Pavia, Selkirk's paternal twin brother. "That's accurate here."

Toronto Selkirk was once beset by his own success. "This is my first year here, so I didn't expect these things," he says. "Everything's happened so quick to me." Originally from Espoo, a city just east of the Finnish capital of Helsinki, Selkirk first became a hockey player at the age of four. He played for an amateur club team, Jokien Helsinki, helping his entry into the NHL by a year to help Jokien win the national championship and to lead the 1983 Finnish Olympic team. Those first four years left him a bit of a headcase. Finnish journalists sneered at him as Winnipeg fan ap-



petites on his career, and last month, Finnish TV broadcast a Jets game live. That having finished the season with an outstanding 76 goals, Selkirk could accurately be any more popular than he is in Winnipeg, where schoolchildren sport Selkirk T-shirts and parents guard his posters on their walls. As a Jets head scout in Helsinki, he accepted a police request through a string of lies to reach a table where he posed autographs for people who had waited in line for up to three hours. Selkirk, who signed a \$2.7-

million, three-year contract with the Jets last year, takes it all in stride. "When you are a good hockey player," he says, "that comes with time."

As the Jets prepared to face Vancouver in the playoffs, some of Selkirk's biggest fans were in the Winnipeg dressing room. "It's an honor to have him able to play with me," grinned Selkirk, a decorated NHL player and former NHL All-Star. "It's pretty impressive when you can make a bunch of professional hockey players stand up and say 'Wow.'"

For the past 12 years the Sinfeltz Café, across from the old CNE red brick arena, has been the hallowed gathering place of the city's hockey fan. The name has drawn dozens of well-known names from the world of popular music: it's long, Larry John Baily, Eric Burdon. But the major attraction on many nights filling the 800 seats, has been the beloved Edmonton Oilers. "Everyone would be huddled around the TV," said co-owner Dave Anderson. A couple of moments would go through the place and it would explode when the Oilers scored.

That excitement broke the streak during Edmonton's first year of the 1990s. Gordie, Mark Messier, Jan Nemec and Grant Fuhr led the Oilers to the Stanley Cup between 1984 and 1990. Since Sinfeltz patron brought in many more Oilers sweaters and baggy jeans than



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spring. And the Saturday will be a quarter place. But many fans will be watching former Oilers justice the Cup with their teammates in Los Angeles, Chicago, Buffalo and Toronto. "Saturday is a passion here," said Anderson. "It's a big part of people's lives." And, in all likelihood, the city's love of the game will survive a disappointing season, and a winter of discontent.

It is a city renowned for its raucous Stampede—and as a building that has housed everything from the Olympics to hockey's *Battle of Alberta*—the quiet, polite crowds at Calgary Flames games come as a surprise. Perhaps lulled by the professional surroundings of the modern, 20,000-seat Saddledome, fans often seem to be reminded by the carpeted scoreboard to stifle their lust and cheer. Visiting sportswriters have remarked that more beer is spilled at Chicago Stadium than is drunk at the Saddledome. But Calgary's true maker, up in stratospheric space, remains true to their least seen last season, when the Flames finished

CALGARY FLAMES

third out of the playoffs. "Last year, attendance didn't decrease at all," said Flames spokesman Michael Barker. "We basically play to a 20-per-cent full house every night."

When poet George Sevenson wrote that Calgary existed as an interesting place from its citizens, he might just as well have been talking about the city's role recently with its last team. In 13 years since they left Atlanta, the Flames (so called for the Civil War fire in that city) have grown to rival the Stampede in the hearts of Californians. They did not have to change their name to Calgary, Stampeder or Bronco. It was enough that they stood up to the hated Edmonton Oilers. It was gritty when they won the Stanley Cup in 1989, blindingly disrupting a run at Oiler domination that had long been a bane under Calgary's saddle. The fans even forgive trades that have cost the team such stars as Brett Hull and Doug Gilmour. And their loyalty was rewarded this season when, despite key injuries, the Flames finished second in the Smythe Division and earned a date with Los Angeles in the playoffs.

Reflecting its supporters, the team goes about its business aloof. The hockey season has been allowed to flounder without the intervention of razzle-dazzle or cash-invested overplay. Few people could even name the five team owners. For the most part, they stay in the background, leaving Flames prize

dent Bill Gray—a member of the 1980 Blackhorns Stanley Cup champions—and Flames chairman Larry McDonald, now the team's marketing vice-president, to foster its deepening links with the community. On the ice and in the stands, the policy appears to have paid off. "They are already an institution, part of Calgary's identity," said season ticketholder Neven Murphy. "You become friends with the people you sit with. When I got really sick last fall, people who sit in my section sent me flowers and cards. It's a nice feeling."

Last September, in an attempt to converse Vancouver hockey fans that, after 22 years of false promises, dashed hopes and dashed loyalty, the team had finally become a Stanley Cup contender, the Canucks turned to their one suitable comradely and home-ice superior: Pavel Bure

generated what British Columbians call *Pavlovians* and what Winnipeg Bant, the retailer of official Canadian merchandise, calls money in the bank. "Sixty per cent of the Canucks' staff that we sell—posters, programs, T-shirts—is Bure product," said Scott Reed, sales manager of the Sport store at the Pacific Coliseum where the Canucks play. "It's authentic. No. 10 jerseys will sell right away—\$220 apiece." In the past month, nearly half of the 1,000,000 printed and three e-filing "Russian Wind"—by Russian artist Vladimir Monakhov—have sold at \$350 each, unheard of.

Yet Bure has remained remarkably unfocused. He lives quietly in his Vancouver condominium with his girlfriend Elena, 18, who returned with him from Moscow last August. "I know Elena before I came to Canada," said Bure, his English improving rapidly since the



Bure, the Russian Rocket, at home against the Flames: Powerhousen strikes LaFollette

On 12 billboards and 35 bus shelters across the city, the figure of Bure appeared racing up the ice, on his back round a corner on his edge coming near to Rick Rogers than to Yuri Gagarin. "We have Id-oll," the ads pro-



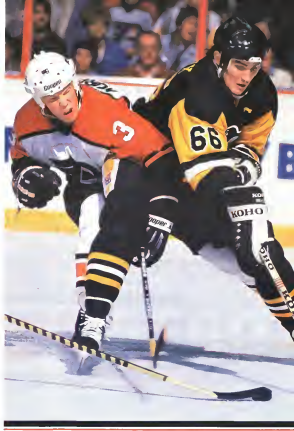
VANCOUVER CANUCKS

claimed. The playoff games ahead will determine if the Canucks—winners of the mediocre Smythe Division for the second straight season—can live up to that campaign. As for Bure, nicknamed the Russian Rocket last year when he was the league's top rookie, he remains in orbit.

This season, the 22-year-old Moscovite became the first Canuck ever selected as a first-team All-Star, and the highest-scoring Canuck ever with 60 goals and 50 assists. With his astounding shooting speed, he has

first phrases—"I love you, I miss you, I need you"—that his helpful team translator brought to him last year. "We are happy together but no marriage place yet." With the same intensity that he applies to scoring goals, Bure protects Elena's privacy, refusing to allow her to be photographed. And he admits that he often wears diapers when watching the Vancouver strike. "I can go nowhere that I am not recognized," he said. "If I put on a baseball cap and sunglasses, people don't recognize me. But people here love hockey, and for me to sign autographs is no problem."

The playoffs aside—Winnipeg in the first-round opponent—the Canucks' next big problem may be getting them to sign his autograph on a new contract. He is now in the second year of a four-year deal worth \$3.7 million. In two years, the Canucks may discover another meaning to "Id-oll" as the Russian Rocket's salary leads into the stratosphere. □



Metabolic

Reflexes

Results

10

1

1

Between 1976 and

Between 1974 and 1982, six members of the Southern Society of Vicious Afs, made the NHL. Two of the brothers, Duane and Bruce, won the Stanley Cup while playing with the New York Islanders.

Charles Brown, remembered by many as the greatest rhythm and blues pianist ever, was born in Pearl, Miss., in 1926. He grew up in the Depression and turned to music shortly after the Second World War. A rugged right winger, Brown led the Detroit Red Wings to four Stanley Cup victories, won the league scoring championship for three years and continued playing until 1960—the start of the Olympics era.

In February, 2005, the Winnipeg Jets announced the Montreal Canadiens as the first team from outside Montreal and the first from western Canada to join the Stanley Cup era as there were players and fans alike pushed openly on the issue. Winnipeggers who made the trip had won \$2,000 simply on the chance.

The Real Overage: Thelwell played the Orange Show Series for the Stanley Cup in 1903 and 1905, losing both times. Two years later, Bill Porter, charged to serve as Kinsler—and the Thelwells beat the Montreal Wanderers to become the only small-town team ever to win the Cup.



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Quest for the Cup:
Pittsburgh's Mario Lemieux
(left, No. 66) makes a
comeback from cancer;
Toronto's Doug Gilmour
(below, No. 93)
leads the revitalized
Maple Leafs

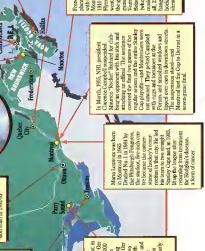


BANK



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...and in the...

Frank "Big" Cleary
and Frank Mahovlich
and that, to date, they
won 11 Stanley Cups.



Born in Perry Sound, Ont. in 1942, howard Bobby Orr signed a starring \$10,000 contract in 1968, beginning a brilliant NHL career. Orr directed the Bruins to two Stanley Cup victories with speed, offensive prowess and a scintillating foot locker. Orr's injuries through his career were to a large extent a result of his being injured in a hockey game in 1970.

Mario Lemieux was born in Montreal in 1965. He was drafted by the Pittsburgh Penguins in the 1984 draft, becoming the youngest player to become the captain of a NHL team. He led the Penguins to the Stanley Cup in 1991, 1992, and 1993.

In March, 1995, NHL president Gary Bettman announced that he was opposing the idea of a new league, the NHL 21st century, which would have been a replacement for the NHL. The NHL 21st century would have been a replacement for the NHL. The NHL 21st century would have been a replacement for the NHL.

French-Canadian took their place in big time hockey with the formation of the Montreal Canadiens in the 1917 season. Known as the "Pittsburgh of the North," they were one of the most successful teams in the NHL. They won the Stanley Cup in 1917, 1924, 1930, 1938, 1946, 1953, 1956, 1959, 1973, 1976, 1979, 1986, 1993, 1996, and 1999.

In 1993, the Quebec Nordiques were the last team from the Atlantic region to play for the trophy. They were the last team from the Atlantic region to play for the trophy.



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SPECIAL REPORT

THE HOLY GRAIL

The Stanley Cup continues to captivate Canadians

A century ago, the game of hockey was as raw and unpolished as the country itself. Sparsely populated and spiritually divided, Canada was a giant and gleefully adolescent in the midst of a long journey from colony to nation. Hockey was also young—a game that was becoming a sport loved by British soldiers stationed in Canada in the 1850s. Hockey was originally little more than an outdoor form for all played with skates, sticks and a ball on frozen sloughs, ponds and rivers. Four decades later, rules had been developed, leagues formed and the top teams played indoors before paying audiences. Hockey had also acquired something else: the Stanley Cup, a modest 7-inch-high silver bowl that Lord Frederick Stanley, the governor general, donated to the people of Canada in 1893—a cup that quickly became the game's Holy Grail. And hockey became a national obsession.



Gretzky hoists the Cup in 1993—a game that became a national obsession

Some things have changed. Gone is the silver bowl, replaced in 1949 by a gleaming three-foot tall 30-lb trophy ready-made for holding over players' heads in delirious triumph. Gone, too, are turn-of-the-century dreams of seven skaters who played the entire 30 minutes, contemporary chaos draws 20 players, most of them specialists who race through 60-second shifts before taking a breather. Professionalism long ago displaced amateurs as the game's best, and the hockey season has stretched from a compact six weeks to an unending eight months. But for all the changes—for all the pacts and scandals and lockouts that have become the modern player's combat gear—hockey remains at heart the same old game, provoking the same intense passions.

In the beginning, teams from coast to coast pursued the Stanley Cup. They came from Halifax, Sydney and Moncton in the Maritimes, and from Quebec City, Sherbrooke and Kingston in Central Canada. They came from Toronto, Winnipeg and Brandon, from Edmonton and Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria. In 1905, the Dawson City Nuggets made an epic journey from the Yukon to the way to the nation's capital to compete for the Cup—only to be battered in a two-game series with the Ottawas

Silver Sevens, the last time by a score of 23-4. Such long-distance quests for the Cup ended in 1947, when the then-19-year-old National Hockey League took sole possession of the game's premier prize.

In the days before radio and television, the trophy provided home-town fans with up-to-the-minute accounts of Stanley Cup games. From 1894 until the late 1920s, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Great North Western Telegraph Co. had operations at roadside for Cup games. A spokeswoman described the play and the telegraph sent Morse code to send the accounts across the country. In Montreal and Ottawa, Winnipeg and Calgary, huge crowds gathered outside newspaper offices or packed the balconies of hotels and arenas to read the telegraph accounts the moment they were transcribed into English and posted on bulletin boards. When the crowds were too large, someone would broadcast the bulletin with a megaphone. And when the horse lines scored, the cheering could be heard for blocks around.

Then, as now, the greatest players seem to find a way to lead their teams to Stanley Cup victory—and to save their best performances for the occasion. In fact, their reputations rest on it. Fans quickly regard who was a scoring tale or who holds an individual record. That neither the fans nor the players forget the sight of Binky Orr or Guy Lafleur or Wayne Gretzky or Mario Lemieux standing at center ice with the Cup held high. And—Brett Hull and Eric Lacroix, take heed—any forgetting the public will always find stars wanting unless they win the Cup.

That is because the Stanley Cup has become part of the fibre of a hockey-crazed country. It was created in the era of the passenger train and the telegraph and continues to captivate Canadians in the age of the jet-set and the satellite dish. It has survived a century of war and depression, boom and bust, increased prosperity and rising expectations. It began life as a simple athletic trophy. It has become a national icon.

DARYL JENSEN
(Previously a Maclean's Senior Writer, is the author of The Stanley Cup: A Hundred Years of Hockey At Its Best)

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OF BEING THE BIGGEST STAR,
TO THOSE WHO DREAM OF
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COVER

MORE THAN MAGNIFICENT

ARIO LEMIEUX CAPS A REMARKABLE YEAR

below sits in his cub in front of a dozen Pittsburgh fans. Wearing his A's jersey, he has a perfect view of a *Monday Night* crowd, packed on the side of an after-lower, that depicts Pittsburgh's most renowned sports stars. From baseball, there are former Pirates Renter to Clement and Bill Mazeroski, from football, to Steelers' "Rocky" Joe Greene and Jack Lambert. The light is from hockey, the Pittsburgh Mario Lemieux. "It's the greatest hockey player ever," A'ses tells a visitor, "and maybe the greatest athlete ever."



Overhearing A'ses, fellow driver Randy Barrett jumps out of a nearby cab. "No way Lemieux is the greatest athlete ever," Barret says. "A great athlete is a versatile player, like a De Jack, son or a Devin Sanders, who can play more than one sport. Lemieux wouldn't last 15 minutes on a football field." But A'ses has the last word. "So, those guys wouldn't last 15 minutes on the ice. And whoever led any longer after missing a quarter of the season with cancer? That's like someone hitting 50 home runs in 60 games. Anyway, the Penguins are winners, and so are the winners in Pittsburgh."

It is a sport known for bleeding speed and frequent violence. Mario Lemieux is all flamboyance and mystery. Game after game, the towering centerman makes dazzling plays that leave fans, teammates and opponents asking the same question: How did he do that? Off the ice, Lemieux is a different person: quiet, private, unassuming. And he remained that way even as he led the Penguins to the National Hockey League's best regular-season record this year—and scored the scoring crown despite missing 25 games for treatment of Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymphatic system. In early April, after Pittsburgh tied the win record for consecutive wins—11—and a victory over the visiting Montreal Canadiens, the Penguin players were in a celebratory mood. But Lemieux spent nearly an hour in the team's room having his standard postgame back massage. When he emerged, many of his teammates had departed. With typical reserve, Lemieux ignored the Penguins' latest achievement. "It's nice to be a second by beating a team with so much history behind it."

This spring, the soccerworld Penguins

have an opportunity to earn their own distinction in hockey history. If they can win a third straight Stanley Cup, the Penguins would enter the pantheon of modern hockey dynasties, joining several Montreal Canadiens and Toronto Maple Leaf teams, and the Edmonton Oilers and

are expecting their first child at the end of this month. And in June, Lemieux and Anselme will be married at a church in their home town of Montreal.

Lemieux, however, has not publicly announced the exact date or precise location of his wedding. For the man who eclipsed



New York Islanders of the 1980s. Even without another Cup, Lemieux is in the midst of a remarkable year. After the discovery of a malignant tumor in his neck in early January, he returned to the Penguins line-up on March 2—less than 12 hours after completing his final radiation treatment—and went on a scoring rampage that propelled him past Pat LaFontaine of the Buffalo Sabres in the scoring race. Off the ice, Lemieux and his longtime, live-in companion, Nathalie Asselin,

Lemieux and Anselme (far left) after last year's Cup win, a public man, a private life

Wayne Gretzky as hockey's premier performer, June is as much a birthday as a blessing. Young, handsome and gifted, Lemieux has done endorsements for such products as Snickers chocolate bars and Koko hockey sticks. But he has never sought the celebrity status of a Gretzky or a Michael Jordan. Once a game is over, or the season ends, he prefers the peace of his home. "I like to relax, watch television and keep busy around the house," he said. But after winning three scoring titles in

five years, Lemieux found that fans were increasingly desiring his tranquility. So, late last year, he and family moved from the affluent Pittsburgh neighborhood of Mount Lebanon to the small, quiet town of Sewickley, 25 km west of the city on the banks of the Ohio River. "Everyone knew where he lived in Mount Lebanon," said Tom McMillin, editor of the weekly newspaper *Pittsburgh Courier*. "He'd come out to water the flowers or walk the dog, and he'd have to sign a dozen autographs."

Lemieux's path to Pittsburgh began in Montreal, where he grew up in the working-class district of Ville Estier. The youngest of three sons of a retired construction worker (Jean-Guy Lemieux) and his wife, Pierrette, young Mario was selected first overall in the June, 1984, draft of overage junior hockey players. But he was reluctant to join the Penguins and refused to put on a team sweater for the traditional post-draft photos. Eventually signing, he had problems adjusting to life away from his familiar French Canadian surroundings. "He was very quiet and very shy," recalled Nancy Matthews, Lemieux's landlady during his first season with Pittsburgh. "The language problem was very difficult for him."

On the ice, however, Lemieux quickly emerged as one of the NHL's most potent of

players from the good ones. Forward Rick Tocchet adds that Lemieux intimidates opponents with his unapologetic children. "He puts a fear of embarrassment in the other team," said Tocchet.

For many veteran observers of the NHL, Lemieux has fulfilled his potential as both an athlete and a franchise player. Dick Irvin, a Canadian play-by-play broadcaster, has traced Pittsburgh's anomaly since the early 1970s and remembers the state of hockey before Lemieux arrived: "We used

to leave here for the last time every season," he said, "and we'd wonder whether we were going to be back the following winter. The rink was only half full. There was no publicity. The media coverage was sparse. We used to ask ourselves, 'How can this team last?' The whole atmosphere is different now, and it's all due to Mario."

Although Lemieux rarely reveals much of his character publicly, he has earned widespread admiration for his courage under adversity. Two years ago he cut out the first 34 games of the regular season recuperating from back surgery and a related infection—only to return and lead the Pen-

guins to their first Stanley Cup. This year, he was on track to break Gordie's single-season scoring record of 213 points when, in January, doctors discovered that he had Hodgkin's disease. The early diagnosis, and prompt treatment, left Lemieux with an excellent chance for total cure.

Since then, the Penguin star has received get-well messages from people all over the world. Matthews, who now sorts his mail and helps process responses, said that on four occasions since January she has loaded the trunk and backseat of her car with bags of mail for Lemieux. "He's handled himself exceptionally well for all he's gone through," she said. "We have to list the words to tell you how I feel about Mario Lemieux."

Outside the rink, the Penguin faithful rarely catch a glimpse of Lemieux, who likes to spend his off hours at home or on the golf course. During the off season, he plays golf almost every day—he is a one handicap, he says. He and broadcaster Tom Barnosso, his closest friend on the Penguins, both belong to an exclusive club outside Pittsburgh. And they live near each other. Lemieux and his family live in a three-story, 15,000-square-foot home with five fireplaces, 13-foot ceilings and elegant woodwork. Built in 1920, the house was on the market last year at an asking price of \$2.2 million. "It's a very stunning house," said Barnosso. "They don't build houses like it anymore." No, and as fans everywhere here discovered, they don't make many hockey players like Lemieux.

D'AMICO JENNIS in Pittsburgh



Celebrating the second Cup with Lemieux healthy, the Penguins set their sights on a third



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"We used to ask ourselves, 'How can this team last?' The whole atmosphere is different now, and it's all due to Mario."

Canadiens' broadcaster Dick Irvin

RADICAL TREATMENT

A SPECIAL PROGRAM IN MANITOBA SEEKS TO PUT SEX OFFENDERS BACK IN SOCIETY

In our sleep, they would rise from the dust of our terror and rule as a thousand times over.

—from *Prince of Tides*, PM, Cooney's 1986 novel distributed to sex offenders underlining the rape in Mandarin

The swirl into the trailer, chinning and laughing like schoolboys between classes. Outside, the spring rains pour through the clouds and a chill wind blows across the Manhattan prairie. Young blondes reveal fiddly details of their lives, and the men curiously around a long table. One of the men curiously arranges two peas, in one of red and a cup bearing the words "I love daisies". He makes a move towards a box of doughnuts and another man shrinks guardedly. "They didn't tell me you were a vegetarian," says the blonde. The blonde reflects an anatomy born of shared experience, which is true, in a nightmarish way. For all of these men have committed unspeakable crimes against other women or children. Now, they are participants in a promising—and controversial—initiative that they did not expect to be asked to lead in the genre, and learn to forgive.

The experiment, an attempt within the federal prison system to minimize the risks posed by sex offenders released after serving their sentences, is being conducted at Rockwood Institution, a minimum security jail in Stoney Mountain, Mont. Instead of being segregated from other inmates, rapists and child molesters are placed in the general population—where other inmates know of their crime. Within the treatment group, they are compelled to confront their crimes and try to understand the long-term impact on their victims. And after they are released, offenders

Rockwood's psychologist Foss: 'These people are not cared when they get out'

most intensive sentence treatment, most of them in a separate 18-month group program in Winnipeg. While recent studies of sex offenders show recidivism rates of at least 20 per cent, none of the 41 men who have completed the Winnipeg program have officially been in trouble since. "These people are not cured when they get out," says Hugo Pom, the institutional psychologist who presided over the program at the prison, but "they are not in trouble." The program cost the province two years ago \$1.5 million. "We think of it as a life savings account."

psychologists who treat sex offenders at Alberta's Bowden Institution, near Lethbridge. Other experts have argued that people who commit sex crimes often best be treated in isolation from other inmates who frequently threaten and even kill them. "Prison culture tends to be macho and immature," says David Thériault, executive director of the John Howard Society of Saskatchewan. "It's hard to protect people once they're identified." But it is harder to keep such offenders locked away in secret, when they now account for about one out of every six inmates in federal prisons. And at Bowden, as in getting results despite pressure and a shortage of funds

trader that sits between two prisons, Blackwood and Stoney Mountain Penitentiary, about 30 miles north of Winnipeg. Of particular interest to researchers is Foss's work on expanding an offender's capacity for the victims of his crime. "I don't care if these guys feel good, I want to make sure that they don't do it again," says Foss, who looks like a movie critic in his Mexican leather jacket. "Inmates need to understand that the damage from one act can last a lifetime." Two years ago,

asking we offenders is to break through their denial that they committed a crime. "How can you talk about the victim if they won't admit that there was one?" asks Dorothy Smith, a Winnipeg therapist who counsels the twice-weekly groups with Poms. "We spend most of our time trying to get them to accept their guilt." That process was frustrated by an exchange between Poms and an inmate identified only as Jeff, who was convicted of handling a little girl in his sleep as she was sleeping in his living room. "I was thinking about cigarettes," he countered when asked why he did it. The answer: "Because

draw a diagram of the living room. Slowly, some details started to emerge: a dining table, some chairs. Still, the scene was on 77 and the little girl was waving her hand. The subject was a woman friend to buy cigarettes. The next, he said, is a black. Silence. Foss asked why he chose that number to indicate the woman and her cigarettes. His answer was a question, as if deactivating his own logic. "I just wanted to see if" Foss wanted to know "Foss' thoughts about the little girl." There was a long pause. The teacher finally shifted abruptly in his chair. "Aw, who doesn't just sit to him what he wants to hear?" Foss looked down at the table.

Sex offenders know that they are loathed and that, say the therapists, www.foxnews.com is their denial of wrongdoing. "I lost my job when the house was sold and," said Foss, "I had a bad day with a girlfriend."

was first convicted of rape more than 10 years ago. "This would glaze or rot, it would like I'd never served time on my name." In the prison he's in, he's a lynch, where child molesters and rapists have the lowest status, the level of harassment can be mind-boggling. "They face death there, usually, for sure, even capital," says Lawrence Kirby, who runs the Parapsychological Management Clinic in Portland that treats offenders when they reenter the streets. Many offenders must go into protective custody to shield their lives from the prison's "lifers" and the status of their crime. "You have better status. But one guy having his head smashed with weights," says Paul, a convicted rapist who is being raped. As a result, many of

Early in 1991, Posa approached federal

But the first—and most difficult—step is

officers mean, both in individual and group therapy, to deal with the pressures and roles of everyday life. Elsbury, who was hired to set up the 18-month program in 1988, attributes part of his success to close ties with Rockwood. "You can tell which guys went through Hugo's program," he says. "We don't have to focus on denial because they already take responsibility for their crime. So we can work on the fantasies, the coping strategies—the emotions."

Others also need more than a weekly discussion group to cope with the implications of life on the street. The Native Clan program combines group sessions with individual therapy in which men learn to cope with their current situations, their personal history of abuse and such related problems as alcoholism. Furthermore are perhaps the most powerful and dangerous factors in recidivism. "I've been in and out of jail for a long time," says a 35-year-old man who has been a serial pedophile who attends the clinic. "From what I've learned, even thinking about it is already a crime. I'm offending in my mind." To identify and reduce these dangers and even alter social preferences, men spend sessions hooked up to a device known as a plethysmograph. A rubber band is attached to the penis to measure sexual arousal. The device is used to help men identify children, men and images of sexual violence. Men then use to reduce the level of arousal in response to negative images—and focus



Alley: assault, torture, even murder

around to healthier ones. "The goal is to control the ages," says Ellsby. "Men who think about and get aroused by certain fantasies are setting themselves up to re-offend."

At many levels, the path towards relief begins well before the actual crime. Fans and Eboliy teach the men to recognize that cycle and develop strategies to alter behavior at

conscious images. These images are clear to a former all-female street named Whizzer, who served time at Rockwood for breaking into Whizzer's homes and exposing himself to women. "It begins with feeling angry or depressed," he says. "If I don't deal with it, I start to get up and go to work. For me, however, a typical day may involve a walk to the station in her sleep so that she wakes up in a state of arousal. 'It's like she wants it but doesn't know it until I play with her.' At that stage, he focuses on the consequences or on more appropriate images—anything to obliterate a dangerous thought pattern. If not, he will start to plan an attack—a surge to get the offenders down from the roof. Sometimes I walk through neighborhoods—walk through neighborhoods—walk. I feel never seen in certain areas."

Through the Rockwood and Wintergreen groups, Warren has learned to label and avoid tempting situations or materials. For several preadolescents in the group, that meant leaving jobs where they worked with children or telling landlords about their crimes. The final stage, immediately before an offense occurs, is the most difficult to reverse. That's



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BEHAVIOR

where, for some, equality with women really comes into play. Says Rice, who abused his young sister and several other children: "I look back at my sister before a felony even enters my mind. The best defendant a court has had much say in."

It is an elusive dream for most offenders, who like to discuss or even acknowledge the impact on their victims. You're free to keep that impact alive through a constant flow of audio tapes, commentary and even visits from a rape survivor. But that house remains a vague notion for a former inmate named Bill, who seems almost giddy as he flips over an old couch at the Native Clinic office. After more than two years in Rockwood and seven months in a Winnipeg halfway house, for a brutal rape, he feels ready to live on his own. "The starting to feel good again," he says. "My goal now is to turn a real relationship." But despite that confidence, something—or someone—seems missing beneath Bill's veneer of optimism. There is no mention of the woman he tied up, choked, raped four times and threatened with a curling iron. "What does she want out of all that? He punishes at the sound of her name." ("I don't know," he says quietly. "I guess I had not given her much thought.")

That is the lead of evidence that suggests a need for intensive follow-up treatment. A parole officer named Harry says that strategies he learned through the Native Clinic pro-

gram have kept him out of trouble for two years. It's an impressive record for a serial rapist with a long history of extreme brutality. Harry explains his previous crimes as if they were planned from the pages of a mystery novel. In fact, he picked up his victims up a white wagon with tinted windows after reading about it in a book. He then bought an old truck, where he would rape each victim, almost to the point of death. His next job after literally being off the boards of a young prostitute: Harry was not a prime candidate for recovery. But he now has a girlfriend and can be seen walking calmly through Winnipeg northwards in his old truck and boots. He has to work at it every day, with an elaborate system of coping tools, self-paragraph analysis, self-help cards, signs for phone calls to Harry and various smoke effects.



Collette: lifelong treatment

"I might need something like this for the rest of my life," says Harry. "But I think I can stay out of jail."

Most psychologists agree that the best way to reduce sexual offenders is through lifelong treatment—and lifelong uncertainty. "You

can't throw rapists in jail and leave them the way," says Claire Collette, a Vancouver prison reform activist. "You need to help them figure out what they can help themselves."

That might be the only option in a country faced with severe budget cuts and the world's highest incarceration rate for all crimes in the Western world after the United States. Experts claim that each annual dollar costs the system about \$300,000 from investigation through to imprisonment. They have yet to attach a dollar value to the pain and suffering that result from such crimes. With their success record so far, the Rockwood Native Clinic seems to be at least getting recognition if not funds. Says the Toronto Inmate's Holden: "It's evidence of that post-surgery." It is a pairing based on empathy—an empathy that stresses the long-term impact of heinous crimes. "I never forget the lions," says Rice, the former pedophile. "I have no choice but to help myself. This one happens again."

long-term impact of heinous crimes. "I never forget the lions," says Rice, the former pedophile. "I have no choice but to help myself. This one happens again."

MUSIC

Roll over, Vivaldi

Ofra Harnoy goes for a populist image

In moody black and white, a 20-year-old Israeli singer of Celtic Ofra Harnoy looms over the bustling streets of Toronto's Yonge Street. The singer, heading in the wayward direction of the 1970s music scene, is a portrait of the artist as young woman. Her arms are crossed unapologetically over her dark sweater. Her hair is piled up in a tangled bun. The only hint of the concert hall in her dressy evening wear. Several kilometers north, in her quiet redneck suburb, her house, the real Ofra Harnoy makes no apologies for cultivating an almost rock 'n' roll image. Unpretentious and quick to laugh, she told Maclean's in a recent interview that she wants to dispel the air of mystery that in her new costumes to virtuosic classical music. "Why should I be seen in kind of photo, with women who wear no makeup, or old men?" said the 20-year-old musician. "It's so embarrassing for me to be by a construction worker and beer bar guy."



Harnoy: reaching beyond the usual audience

"Hey, Ofra Harnoy, thank you for being here!" In Toronto to take a few weeks away from touring—to promote her 50th album—the internationally celebrated violinist was enjoying, seeing friends and generally experiencing life beyond Tchaikovsky. Vivaldi and company. She is back on the road this week, to Europe, then the Far East, then back and forth twice more before opening the season of the Israeli Philharmonic Orchestra in October. And in June, she will be making a recording in England with superior Israel

Philo Durrant. The former child prodigy insists on maintaining a balance between her career and other interests. "I don't want to become like a lot of classical musicians who are really almost one-dimensional—all they can talk about is their music and their performance and their instrument," said Harnoy, whose house is filled with stuffed animals and succulents. "I mean, that's not a life. It's most important. It's not something that they can put back into their music."

It is perhaps easier for Harnoy than other musicians to step from the rehearsal room, according to her father, who acts as her musical adviser and record producer. Jacob Harnoy, who emigrated to Canada from Israel with his piano teacher wife,

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MUSIC

Carracks, and their only child, then 6, says that Olin needs to practice only a few hours a day, and memorizes music very quickly. Send the Ontario Hydro engineer, an amateur violinist who was his daughter's first teacher: "It is almost frightening how easily things come to her."

And unlike some classical musicians who lead almost romantic lives, Harnoy has made time for romantic relationships. She is separated from the Croatian waterpolo player she married in August, 1991, after meeting him during a vacation in Dubrovnik. "Men are always falling in love with the image on the stage," she said. "They don't know me as a real person. When I met him he didn't know who I was. And he was a well-known athlete in his country, and I didn't know who he was. We both had the same feeling at the time. He's someone who likes me for me."

Harvey says that she still wants a family in the near future. There is her interest in all kinds of music: her tastes span jazz, pop, gospel songs and pop artists including Joe Cocker and Whitney Houston). her addiction to movies—and her career. Harvey's star is so bright on the international circuit that she spends 10 months of the year touring. She is the first Canadian actor since Glenn Gould to secure an exclusive, long-term, worldwide contract with a major international record label—in her case, RCA Red Seal. The newly released *Prigby* illustrates her concern by Larry Buckdahl, Paul Myerfeldt and General Public. Both the album and the film are an amazing release. Harvey has played in two collaborations with actor Dennis Hopper. Her *Toughest Show* with Jay Leno has come offstage, but no date has been set so far.

In Canada, since have gratified that her success is largely attributable to her boldness. Yet she has won four Juno Awards (the last one, announced last month, for best instrumental artist). Meanwhile, foreign critics bestow rapturous compliments, often responding as much to her commanding stage presence—the way she seems to be possessed by the music—as to her technical brilliance. In an interview with *Musicians*, Claudio Scimone, conductor of Italy's La Sinfonia Veneta, which accompanied her on her latest album, praised her "expressive musical intent. Her sound is very intense, very sensitive, very deep."

That intensity has captured fans around the world. And her high profile has generated the usual problems that afflict celebrities, including harassment and death threats. When Horsey went to a Toronto dance club recently, a woman leapt at her feet and clutched her legs. "I fell—it was very embarrassing," said the musician. It is the kind of adoration that is rare in the classical music world, especially for someone so young. But then, with her hip but glamorous image and her desire to reach beyond the conservatory audience, Orla Horsey is an unusual kind of classical star.

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FOR THE RECORD

Torch 'n' twang

Four releases span country music's diversity

Country music is riding high these days. No longer a marginal style rooted in rural folk traditions, it is now a major contender on the pop charts—and on the airwaves, where all-access stations have recently awarded Nielsen on the FM dial. The accolades are country, led by superstar Garth Brooks, embraces everything from mainstream rock to racy-bawdy music. But for every crossover star, there is at least one performer sticking to country's traditional firm. Four recent albums reflect the music's new diversity.

ACROSS THE BORDERLINE

Willie Nelson
(Columbia/Sony)

If country music had a Mayor Rutherford, Willie Nelson's bewhiskered face would surely be among its cherished icons of state. A giant in his field, Nelson has become a legend in the repertoire of other people's songs—as much so that listeners often forget that the pop-

starlet Tennessean started out as a songwriter, composing such classics as Patsy Cline's *Crazy*. On *Across the Borderline*, a new 16-song collection, Nelson covers the work of such gifted writers as Bob Dylan, Paul Simon, and Lyle Lovett. But he also includes three of his own numbers, and a fourth that he co-wrote with Dylan. The results are as varied as the music. Nelson brings a state-by-state elegance to Simon's *American Tune*, but sounds stilted on that songwriter's *Graceland*. And although his ready tenor is perfectly suited to singing the title track—written by John Hiatt, Jay Cooller, and James Dean Ray—about chasing the American dream, he fails to bring any emotion to Peter Dinklage's *Don't Give Up*.

Nelson is most at ease singing two songs by Lovett, country's talented eccentric. He is so sounds right at home on the playful blues of Willie Dixon's *I Love the Life I Live* and on *Heartland*, his duet with Dylan, which

speaks to Nelson's recent financial woes—"The bankers are taking my house and my land away." Of his own compositions, the Spanish-laced *Waltzies*, written three years ago, stands out as a ballad of charming simplicity. It proves that while he is an old hand at singing others' songs, Nelson can still write with the best of them.

THE WHEEL
Beverly Sisk
(Columbia/Sony)

A child of Nashville, Suzanne Cash has seen or seemed comfortable wearing the country princess crown. Although she is the daughter of country legend Johnny Cash, and enjoyed numerous country hits herself in the 1980s, her controversial songwriting owes more to Joan Mitchell than to Dolly Parton. Still, Cash sings about the despair and longing that are common to heartbreak songs. Her acclaimed 1989 album, *Intuition*, focused almost exclusively on pain and suffering. *The Wheel*, her first recording since her divorce from country producer-songwriter Rodney Crowell, runs the gamut of emotions. *Loveless* is the subject of *Search*. *Amour* is a poignant ballad that describes a man whom "the angels love all night." And the beautiful *River in the Fire* is an angry but eloquent statement of a former lover. But most of the album, including the title track, with its sprawling guitar, is more hopeful. On *Fire* of the *Nearly Mine*, Cash sings passionately of

being "awakened, restored and renewed." With this latest chapter in her life, country's reluctant heroine is singing a different tune.

THIS TIME
Daght Youson
(Caprice/Ranney)

The low-dying cowboy hat and worn blue jeans are the first statement. And the moody nature and philosophical streak are central to her image. But Daght Youson's real calling card is his songwriting, which ranks among the best in country music. On his latest album, *This Time*, Youson scores up a chunk wagon's worth of tasty tunes: love-his-buddies music with bawdy-look innuendo. On *Ring of Fire*, he is a prime lover at last, singing "I always cried, over laughter and pain." And on *Two Doors Down*, he recalls with a bit of steel that "Angus was by name." Several numbers depart from Youson's usual brand of hillbilly music. A *Thousand Miles from Nashville* recalls the honky-tonk of The Everly Brothers, while the rugged *Wild Bird* has



Youson: a chunk wagon's worth of honky-tonk innuendo

echoes of The Rolling Stones. But throughout the album, Youson's plaintive vocals make every song convincing. Accentuating the ache in heartbreak, Youson continues to keep country traditions alive.

FEELS LIKE HOME
Cassandra Pusk
(Epic/Sony)

Much has been made of the importance of Tim Thorney's and Brian Eno's role in the rise of country singer Cassandra Pusk. And, indeed, the producer-songwriters have been instrumental in shaping the career of the Brooklyn, Ont., native. Pusk's 1991 debut album, *Wishbones*, spawned the hit single *Air Come Devil to You*. Last year, she won the Juno Award for best country/folkie vocalist. But musician Thorney and lyricist Eno—who is also a MuchMusic video—see no Sweeney. And the third-year-old Pusk is hardly so unsure. Although her black hair and painted face suggest a circus doll's fragility, Pusk shares such impressions that music she opens her mouth: Her voice, a rich, silky contralto, conveys strength and certainty. And the warm backing sound of fiddles, mandolins and dobro is the perfect accompaniment.

In case of anything, the weakness of Pusk's follow-up album, *Feel Like Home*, lies in the songwriting: Pusk collaborated with Thorney and Eno on two of the 14 songs, and one of them, the autobiographical *Sometimes a Harshener*, is among the strongest. But the words of other compositions often ring hollow. If Pusk begins writing some of her own lyrics, her music might once again achieve the conviction of a true country queen.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

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FILMS

Outlaws and in-laws

Two Mexican movies heat up the screen

Two new movies from Mexico offer the familiar alternative to the Hollywood diet of romance and adventure. They are both tragicomic failures—but that is where

the resemblance ends. Set on a ranch in the early 1940s, *Like Water for Chocolate* is a badly photographed family saga about the enchantments of food and unrequited love. *El*

Maravillo, a love-and-fables miracle of low-budget filmmaking, is a brisk action-adventure set in a contemporary Mexican border town.

Adapted by Mexican screenwriter Laura Esquivel from her own first novel, *Like Water for Chocolate* focuses on Tita (Dani Ganeva), who is born on a larcher coast—literally pushed into the world on a torrent of onion tears. Family tradition dictates that, as the youngest of three daughters, she must forgo marriage to care for her widowed mother until she dies. When Tita falls in love with Pedro (Marco Leonardi), her domineering mother (Gloria Travenco) forbids the romance. Pedro says Tita's eldest sister is mad, but only so her lover can be close to Tita. Meanwhile, she seduces her desire into a passion for ardent cooking—her qual is her period piece but an aphoristic magic that upends a husband's love and sends her middle sister running mad into the arms of a revolutionary priest.

Initially directed by Alfonso Arau, the movie is a sweet confection with a soft-focus core of romantic convention. It unfolds as a woman's fantasy—the male characters are little more than decorative objects of desire. And although it's a tale about the intangible appetites of the heart, the film is rather in flavor than in emotional substance. Still, with the alchemy of the kitchen serving as a sensual metaphor, *Like Water for Chocolate* produces gleaming divinity for the palate. By contrast, *El Maravillo* is like a hit of beefed, a microwave spaghetti western. A lone patriot's mission (Carlos Gallardo) shows up as a Mexican border town at the same time as a Mafia hit man (Paco Martínez). Both are carrying black-patrol codes. There is a mix-up, a case of mistaken identity, and the western feels limited to a posse of peasant.

The movie has the comic rhythm of a cartoon. And the story of how it got made is as wild as the one onscreen. Navajo director Robert Rodriguez, a 29-year-old film-school student from Austin, Texas, made *El Maravillo* on an incredibly low budget of \$5,700. He raised almost half of it by checking himself into a research hospital, where he served as a pensive pig. Rodriguez tailored the script to his available resources: a school bus, a jet boat terrace, a motorcycle, two bears and a ranch. Shooting the film in two weeks, the director used inaccurate actors and never showed from the script—he led them their lives on a set.

The film-maker says that he originally planned to make the movie for the Spanish-language video market—as a way of practicing his craft before working up to a Hollywood feature. After Columbia discovered the film and agreed to distribute it, he made a little pitch to rebroadcast it for a few dollars more. But *El Maravillo* is just the way it is. With limited camera work and dynamic editing, Rodriguez contrives action sequences that give a lot of big-budget moments in the dark. Besides, the movie's fantasy has become part of its charm.

IRVING D. JOHNSON

FILMS

Madly in love

Romance takes the edge off schizophrenia

BENNY & JOON

Directed by Joseph Chappell

In the movie, the fine line between sanity and madness can be as broad as Hollywood Boulevard. And there is one rule of the road: the mentally ill must be entertaining. In *Ben & Joon*, Dustin Hoffman's satirical of actors plays a stand-up comedy routine. And in movies ranging from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* to *The Patient*, insanity is a lot of success, wit and courage—the lunatic is just an unappreciated artist, doing flamboyant work on an insurable canvas. Now, *Ben & Joon*

a stylized clown—a cross between Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin, with the tragicomic punch of a young Bob Dylan.

In the result of a happy merger in a polar genre, *Ben & Joon* now has two child-actors to supervise: that makes the other a real one by comparison. And Joon finds a real even in love. She whips up blender shakes with peanut butter and Cap'n Crunch cereal, he makes grilled cheese sandwiches with a steam iron. Inevitably, romance blossoms, with all the innocence that arrested development can provide.

Directed with a loving, affectionate touch



Dugg (left), Maravillo: A Sweet 'N Low romantic comedy with irresistible charm

Ben & Joon offers all the joys of schizophrenia with none of the pain. It is a funny, innocent tale, a Sweet 'N Low romantic comedy that norms a little faith in fate, but has irresistible charm.

Joon, played with delicate nuance by Mary Stuart Masterson, is slightly crazy—and enough to be committed, but she does require medication and supervision. Joon lives at home with her brother, a sensitive, chaotic, scared Ben (Nolan Quarter). While he works, she stays home and paints. But the housekeepers hired to keep her out of trouble keep quitting. And while Joon's wanderings about sending her to a group home, a young executive named Sam (Gabriel Byrne) suddenly shows up on the scene. Ben is in the crazy, it has been said, that he has turned it into a kind of performer's art. He is

by Masterson here. She makes Joseph Chappell, *Ben & Joon* is like a well-timed comic art. The comedy is especially subtle, but never cheesy. The soundtrack is sweet, but not sticky. And while performance, lead surprising depth on a broad script (even by former *Boyz n the Barbers* Braden Barry Bernstein). Dugg's character seems to be a variation on his role in a hedge-fundering drama in the indie *Edward Scissorhands*—again he plays the lovable odd who drops like an angel out of the blue and charms everyone with his artistic decency. But the actor brings a fresh style to *Ben & Joon*. And the movie proves to be a rare treat—a happy comedy suitable for anyone with a soft spot for insanity.

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Cod's dominion

The fish war takes a strange, satiric turn

BURIED-ON SUNDAY
Directed by Paul Duncan

With Newfoundland's COGECO troupe along as wing through the autumn ego, the East Coast seems to serve as the scented edge of

Canadian satire. Isolation from the centres of power and commerce via faster as acute sense of the absurd. And Halifax writer-director Paul Duncan has tried to harness that spirit in a new low-zoic called *Buried on Sunday*. A tale of disaffected fisher-

men who go ballistic (literally), it is like a Cold War version of the Cold War comedies *Dr. Strangelove* and *The Russians Are Coming*. The *Answer* *Are Coming*. The story takes place in a fictional island off Canada's Atlantic coast called Solemna Gundy. After Ottawa suspends its fishing rights, the tiny community declares its independence, buys a Russian submarine, then aims its nuclear missiles at America's Mount Rushmore and the unnamed port Canada's Wonderland.

As satire, *Buried on Sunday* is an irony. It serves as a sharp, finely combed on the fractured side of Canadian liberalism. But, like *Federalism*, the movie sometimes founders by going off on a lot of different directions at once. Too often, it shrouds its satirical agenda by losing its comic drive. And although it is crissly directed and beautifully photographed, it never finds a steady course.

The story starts out as an even local. An oddball federal politician named Dexter (Henry Cavill) shows up at a Solemna Gundy town hall meeting with some bad tidings. The minister of Fisheries and Aquaculture (Henry Curry), speaking from Ottawa via a live video feed, announces that the government has decided to suspend the island's fishing rights for three years because of depleted stocks.

The village mayor, Augustus (Paul Gross), who doubles as the local post- and mini-golf entrepreneur, rallies the outraged islanders to secede from Canada. To back up their flailing claims they buy a nuclear submarine from a crew of Russian defectors—along with the services of its robotic programmer (Timothy Sexton), a vodka-soaked sailor whose body is prone to spontaneous combustion.

The humor is especially off-kilter: Cavill plays Dexter, who calls himself "a lawyer—a law—for the prime minister," with deadpan badness. He has an unusual speech pattern, conversing, an ability to make time itself still while the away comes into focus. That is to Paul Gross, as the mayor, who is the hero. And the macabre conclusion of his leadership role seems strangely at odds with the satire. At one point, the island seems into a secret communication between the mayor and the captain's aide played with solemnity by Denise Vireux. Her character keeps insisting on the reality of the situation: "Wake up, it's not a joke," she says. "These are real guns and real missiles."

But it is a joke, at least some of the time. And the movie is undermanned by its failure to settle on a consistent tone. Still, although *Buried on Sunday* seems less than the sum of its parts, it has many points of interest. The film is filled with amusing analogies, including a rich scene by Louis Del Grande as the prime minister. In the end, *Buried on Sunday* is admirable for its idiosyncratic spirit, its determination to be both cheeky and sincere. And there is an odd beauty in its incoherence. Like *Canada*, it cannot decide what it wants to be.

BRAND D. JOHNSON

Blood and boredom

A new slasher movie is a horror show of ineptitude

THE DARK HALF
Directed by George Romero

A best has, a straight razor, a supernatural source of symptoms and a deluge of psychobabble—these are the elements that make up the latest progeny of Stephen King's mind and Hollywood's money. *The Dark Half* is the kind of movie that assumes a lot of whatever happens to questions. As in whatever happened to Timothy Hutton, that nice boy who made such a fine impression in the smaller family drama *Ordinary People* (2001). Or, whatever happened to George Romero director of the notorious 1984 horror classic *Night of the Living Dead*. Or, whatever happened to all those books that scored the fiery delights out of Tippi Hedren in that Alfred Hitchcock movie? *Harlow*, *Romero* and the levels dense fables of computer-generated spasm are all strongly united in *The Dark Half* as a popular slasher movie crudely adapted from one of King's all too concepts.

It begins with a gruesome but comic operation to remove a brain tumor from a young boy. The tumor turns out to be the mutation of a twin embryo that somehow migrated to the boy's head. After the operation, the hospital is besieged by birds. Cut to 25 years later. The boy, Thad (Hutton), is now a university English professor who shares a comfortable life with his (new) Thad and their two darling baby boys. Thad has cultivated a lucrative career writing hard pulp novels under the pseudonym George Stark. After a blackmailer threatens to expose Stark's real identity, Thad begins to lean to the pencil to going public—and killing off his alter ego once and for all. But then, a killer who calls himself George Stark goes in with a receipt with a razor, and Thad becomes the prime suspect.

Hutton doubles as the killer, and at first it is unclear if they are one and the same person. But the script quickly turns from a whodunit to a mindfuck. It pans over great cracks in logic with an unbecoming mix of psychology, superstition and bogus symbolism. *Blood* offers a few glints of grotesque humor, especially when the baby twin becomes unrequited spectators and the bloodshed. But *The Dark Half* is a bore, and for a slasher movie with wild-to-real violence, that is no mean feat.

BRAND D. JOHNSON

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— EMPLOYED FULL TIME	— NOT EMPLOYED
— EMPLOYED PART TIME	— STUDENT
— SELF EMPLOYED	— RETIRED

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There's the one about a joke museum

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

The reason the English will never understand the French, and vice versa, is apparent at 2111 St. Lawrence Blvd. in Montreal in an old tenancy building. Here is a new experiment in explaining the unexplainable: Squaring the circle. Nothing only to the wall.

The problem is humor, one of the most delicate and tender objects on earth. It should be approached quite carefully, for it can collapse, or shy away. Witness those who don't know how to tell a joke at a dinner party, and then try to explain it, thus destroying everything.

Quebec, because it is different, has just opened the Museum of Humor, a \$13.5-million attempt to explain that which should never be explained. The French like to codify things, which is why France has never cut demand how England can get things without a written constitution. The English like to muddle through, and putting things down on paper always seems a little unnecessary.

It's why, of course, both Mervyn Lauder and the Chatterboxes associate Mervyn both failed, consider with understanding. So either. That's a joke and perhaps that's what Montreal's hot house is supposed to celebrate.

Humor is rather like sex. Once you start to analyze it, all the mystery goes out of it. Montreal's new Museum of Humor is somewhat like coming upon a museum collection of Dr. Kinsey's findings, or the leftover computer printouts from Masters and Johnson. Suddenly it doesn't appear all that interesting.

It's a very serious thing, of course, to get enough money out of politicians, in these perilous times, to erect a monument to humor. Premier Robert Bourassa is the guy who cut it, since he has a Montreal reputation because of his well-established just for laughs ideal.

He has had Lutz Laporie, a celebrated Montreal architect, convert the old tenancy into a rubik room of interconnected rooms that are designed to take 25 hours to traverse. His apartment spent 27 hours in a museum? Let alone it is a museum that wants to X-ray humor to death? One comes out most glad.



The idea is that this will be good for tourism, but why any American would come to Montreal to discover humor when he has Ben Queerle at home is difficult to believe.

The first joke is that admission is \$17.50, making it the most expensive museum in North America. The Louvre costs seven tickets. Colonial humor is apparently more expensive.

As a matter of fact, the best jokes in Montreal come free, off the street. Know what Toronto people dream about all week end? TVEU. Think God's Monday. Where's the red light district in Toronto? Behind the Maple Leaf hotel.

So many Canadian city names come from Indian derisions, so in "where the women meet." Toronto is Indian for "the crowding of the mouth."

If Toronto were in Illinois, its name would be Btorgad.

And so on. Don't have to analyze those. Just

play old victim regional contempt. Premier Robson and his staff of 80 (that's joke number two) attempt to move humor back to common days and dare it, parading and struggling through the centuries. They attempt to explain political satire's birth in Greece. Enough we're not sure even Jay Leno needs that.

Visitors must wear computerized head phones the weight of a football helmet that keep you marching through the era from early Dufferin force to Mervyn up to Bob Hope. Everything is very high-tech (which humor is not)—one of the most clever devices is stepping from square to square on a giant checkerboard, the weight of the foot giving the headphones waiters from among whom Woody Allen, who doesn't seem to jump any more.

You can't organize humor and the proprietors, with the computerized headsets try to organize and forget which the patrons from cell to cell to the timing of their profit margins. Sorry, but we were out of humor.

There's Will Rogers. There's no trick in being a humorist. When you have the whole government working for you. There is one warning, Mr. Nihilist Khushchev. "Politicians are the same everywhere. They promise to build a bridge where there's no water." Pierre Trudeau is identified as "a former prime minister, and politician."

It is interesting, as the analysis dies, that those who can afford \$17.50 largely stand around. Charlie Chaplin's films and the director Keaton car chase the silent films that require no explanation and are the funniest of all.

Robin Williams is here with his most changes from Mervyn. That's the word, but you have to know last year's political correctness to keep up with his 1990s. Chaplin will live 100 years from now. Silence was golden.

We wish Montreal well, with its museum name—there's one for cartoons, there's one for architecture—but we're not sure about humor. No one is sure about it, as it is the most slippery, undefinable art. People who take it seriously are the most unhappy of all.

It is, admittedly, a lucrative cottage industry for some, the wire services taking to every member of a clutch of French English professors gathered at some seminar beside some sunny lake reading papers and essays on their findings as to what makes us laugh.

The people who try to analyze and explain Will Rogers and Mark Twain and Stephen Leacock now make more money than three years old. Now, that's funny.

Oh, yes. It opened on April 1. The tagline says will think that very little.

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